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THE "SOUTH PACIFIC" MUSICAL
In Colorful Pictures

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"BOTANY"* BRAND 500

Tailored by Daroff

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Fight tooth decay, guard your gums—

to keep your Whole Mouth Healthier!

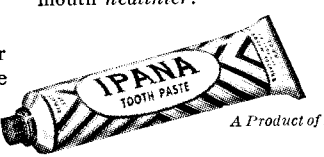
Two-way Ipana cleansing helps protect your teeth and gums both!

For a healthier, more wholesome mouth, do what dentists advise: fight tooth decay *and gum troubles.*

***You help guard your teeth and gums BOTH—by brushing and massaging the way your dentist directs—and by using famous Ipana Tooth Paste.**

other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to fight tooth decay. And proper massaging with Ipana does more than that—its cleansing action actually helps keep your gums healthy, too.

Now, today, get Ipana—keep your *whole* mouth *healthier!*



A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA FOR HEALTHIER TEETH, HEALTHIER GUMS

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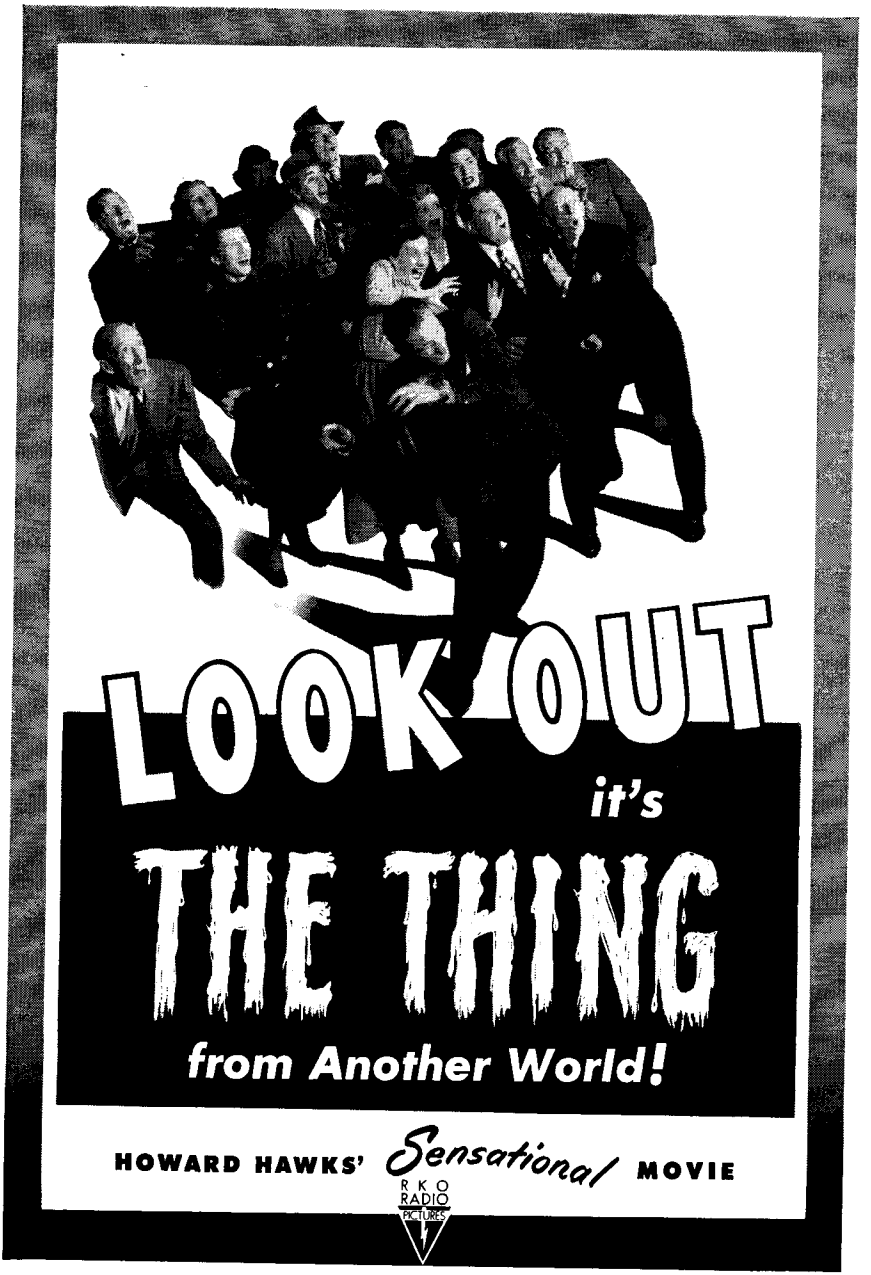

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Miss Show Business

"Show Business has been my whole life. And I wouldn't have any other kind."

"Above all, the performer can't grow stale. You must belong to your time."

"I'll keep going until I can't sing anymore. That won't be for some time."

AT 60-PLUS, Sophie Tucker continues to be one of the biggest box-office draws in show business. She is an American institution; her husky voice, her carload of jewelry, and her songs —purple with double-entendre—are milestones of the century.

Miss Tucker, however, is far more than a showpiece. True, she effuses showmanship like a strong perfume, her walk is always a footlight parade, and even her casual conversation has a "late show" wit. But what has made Sophie Tucker great is her love of people. Her career, almost as stormy as it has been long, taught her that all people have heartaches. Knowing this has been an incentive to keep her always in the service of others.

During both World Wars, she canceled important contracts in order to appear in camp shows and hospitals. The royalties from her autobiography and recordings are divided among several charities. She is among the most frequent performers at benefits of all kinds. For years, she labored with her professional union to improve the working conditions of those who have not as yet won stardom.

Sophie Tucker came up the hard way, and earned every inch of success. From her childhood debut in her father's Hartford, Connecticut, restaurant, she progressed, via every medium of the show world, to the nation's leading night spots. Hard work, warmth, a raucous sincerity, and a vibrant sense of humor have kept her star bright for almost 50 years.

Sophie Tucker is the "Last of the Red Hot Mamas"—and more. She is, in short, "Miss Show Business."

Proud of her profession, she is the idol of all who share it with her. The loyalty of her audiences makes each appearance a reunion of old friends.

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NEW 17 INCH G-E...

Real as Life!

BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

• So big, so lifelike, you'll feel the picture's real! Exquisite new, 18th century styled G-E console. Genuine mahogany veneers, hand-rubbed for enduring beauty, with handsomely figured full-length doors. Here's the finest General Electric 17" TV! See Model 17C109 **$399.95***

General Electric Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

**Includes Fed. Tax. Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices slightly higher West and South, subject to change without notice*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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As his ancestors did, a Williamsburg blacksmith hand-forges his own tools.

Wigs once worn by Colonial men are now reproduced by a skilled craftsman.

A modern shoemaker revives cobbling as practiced in early American days.

Coarse outer garments of Colonial women were usually woven on home looms.

Modern Colonials

SO THAT MODERN AMERICANS can see how our people provided for themselves when the nation was young, nine Colonial crafts have been revived at the restoration of Williamsburg, Va.

Using 18th-century equipment and dressed in authentic costumes, the modern artisans work as their predecessors did 200 years ago. In this atmosphere of Georgian gentility, visitors to the restoration view scenes of living history as the Williamsburg craftsmen reproduce household items which are now antiques of our American heritage.

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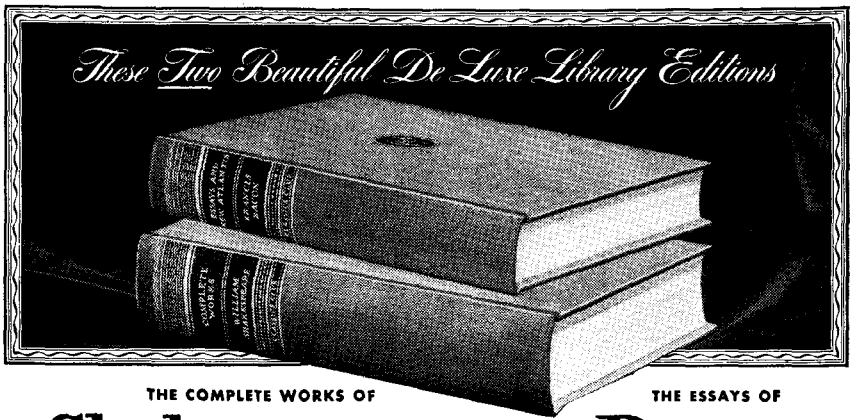
BOTH Free TO NEW MEMBERS ...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



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Shakespeare

THE ESSAYS OF

and Bacon

All 37 Plays • Comedies, Tragedies, Histories and Poems

EVERY word of Shakespeare—every delightful comedy, stirring tragedy, thrilling historical play; every lovely poem and sonnet—yours *complete* in this beautiful 1312-page volume. So deep did Shakespeare see into the hearts of all of us that he is more alive today than he was over three hundred years ago!

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LOOK AT THESE PICTURES

April 16, 1949 — Dec. 1, 1949 — Mr. Nagle as he looks today

BRANDENFELS' USERS

DOCTORS VERIFY RESULTS

Before — After 41 weeks — Today

For over a year, a large group of men and women have been using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation. One of these users is Mr. E. "Al" Liefson, 7019 S. Tacoma Way, Tacoma, Wn., pictured above. The authenticity of these medical tests and the results observed in them are documented by the sworn testimony of the medical personnel who conducted and participated in these tests.

SPORT FISHERMAN DON B. NAGLE, 8609 34th Ave. S. W., Seattle, Wn., says, "We sportsmen know that being out in the weather is mighty tough on hair. Since using Brandenfels my hair is filling in where it has been sparse for 8 years. **Just to have stopped losing ground and to have a little more hair is mighty wonderful."** (Mr. Nagle was among the test group using Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage under medical observation.)

Have Grown Hair!

TENNESSEE COAL MINER

"I was totally bald for more than two years. Saw your ad in a veteran's magazine, and I'm truly thankful I ordered."—L. Rainey, Petros, Tennessee.

Amazing . . . Exciting News from Carl Brandenfels of St. Helens, Oregon

Carl Brandenfels' remarkable research HAS PROVED that hair roots CAN BE ALIVE even on totally bald people! No longer must you believe the fallacy that your hair follicles are dead just because no hair is growing from them. Look at these pictures and see for yourself! Mrs. F. M. Harris was told by doctors that her hair roots were dead. Mr. Nagle, Mr. Rainey, Mr. Liefson and many others THOUGHT their hair roots were dead. . . but their own pictures prove that the follicles MUST HAVE BEEN ALIVE, because today hair is growing in these former bald areas!

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"I HAVE SEEN IT WORK" says barber

Above, left, Navy veteran Harold Wilcox, Marshalltown, Iowa, barber who has seen results on his own head and on those of several customers as well.

Right, Chet Grigg, prominent Mapleton, Iowa, farmer who was totally bald.

Small Photo, Chet Grigg as he looked before using the Brandenfels' home course.

THE ONLY FORMULAS AND MASSAGE OF THEIR KIND IN THE WORLD

Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage cannot be compared with anything else you may have used, heard about or read about. The two secret Brandenfels' formulas together with the unique Brandenfels' pressure massage are designed to bring about a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp, and to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area.

Carl Brandenfels does not class his product with the so-called "hair-growers." He does not guarantee that it will promote new hair growth, because not every user has grown new hair. *Carl Brandenfels does believe that proper use of his formulas and massage may, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.*

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME

No embarrassment, no time lost from work, no costly office treatments. Use these non-sticky, non-odorous formulas and the unique Brandenfels' Pressure Massage in the privacy of your own home. A 5-week supply costs $15.00 plus $3.00 Federal tax (total $18.00). Send your order today to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

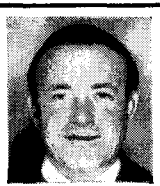
Jan. 22, 1949 June 19, 1949 Today

Successfully Used by Women, Too

Above, Seattle business woman, Mrs. F. M. Harris, 1317 Boren, Seattle, Wn., who is another of the "medical test group." Many of the over 16,000 testimonial letters Carl Brandenfels has received are from women users of his home course.

16,105 LETTERS OF PRAISE

Carl Brandenfels has in his files, verified by the impartial audit of Certified Public Accountants—16,105 letters from users who report from one to all the following results: *renewed hair growth, no more excessive falling hair, improved scalp conditions, and relief from dandruff scale* (Dandruff may be the FIRST WARNING of approaching baldness).



LOS ANGELES

"My hair has been falling for 5 years. After using Brandenfels, fuzz began to grow which has turned to real hair."—H. H. Ott, 12023 Hammack, Culver City, Calif.

CHICAGO

"I have been getting bald for 20 years. Now I have a lot of new hair. I really am thrilled!" — H. J. Prejna, 2523 N. Fairfield, Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK CITY

"I now have healthy undergrowth of hair; bald spots filling in and scalp condition much improved." — Alfred Freund, 261 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.

ORDER NOW!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon C351

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of **Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage** with directions for use in my own home.

☐ Cash—I enclose $15 plus 20% Fed. Tax ($3), total $18.00. (Will be shipped prepaid.)

☐ C. O. D.—I agree to pay postman $18.00 plus postal charges.

Name_____

Address_____

Town _____ Zone_____ State_____

Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C. O. D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the formulas become available.

Coronet *Recommends . . .*

"PAYMENT ON DEMAND"

THIS IS THE TALE of two people, married for many years, who suddenly find themselves on the brink of a divorce. Bette Davis is cast as a self-assured wife whose ambition slowly throttles her husband's love and eventually drives them apart. The stark blacks and whites of good and evil are missing from this movie. Given a serious problem, R-K-O-Radio has handled it with taste and finesse, and has come up with an adult film.

"THE BRAVE BULLS"

TOM LEA'S majestic study of courage and bullfighters, recently a best-selling novel, has been brilliantly filmed by Columbia. Luis Bello (*Mel Ferrer*), the greatest matador in all Mexico, is obsessed with the ever-present fear of fear. A beautiful woman taunts him. His brother, Pepe, dreams of replacing him in the bull ring. And then, everything boils over into a roaring crescendo of violence and passion in the great bullfight at Cuenca.

"SEPTEMBER AFFAIR"

UNDER THE SPELL of Capri's blue skies, a married American (*Joseph Cotten*) falls in love with a beautiful concert pianist (*Joan Fontaine*). They miss their plane and learn it has crashed. They are listed as dead. For a moment, their past trembles in the balance, for now they are free of everything but conscience. Then they make an epic decision, justifying their lives and giving meaning and stature to this haunting Paramount picture.

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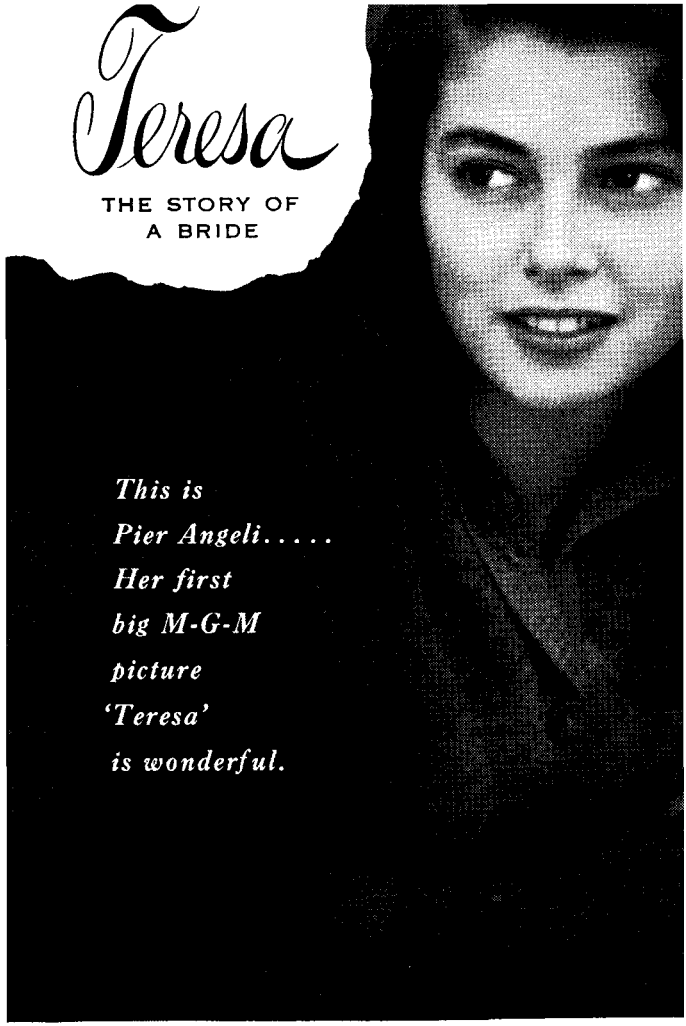

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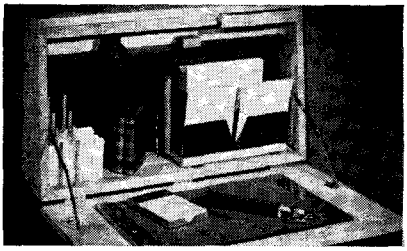
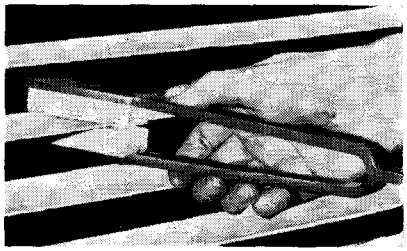
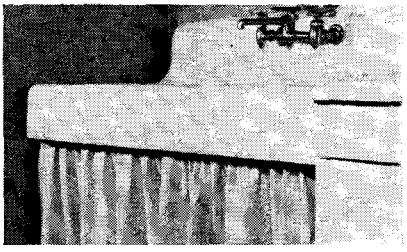
Coronet's Family Shopper



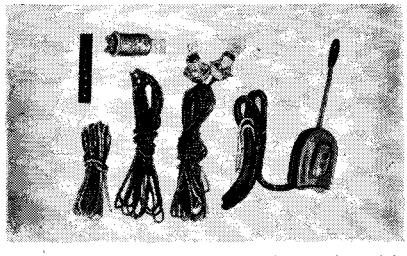
THIS WALL DESK of solid birch has three drawers, hinged section for stationery, pegs for bills, receipts. Folds to form a slim cabinet. $22.50*. Marshall Field & Company, Chicago 80, Ill.



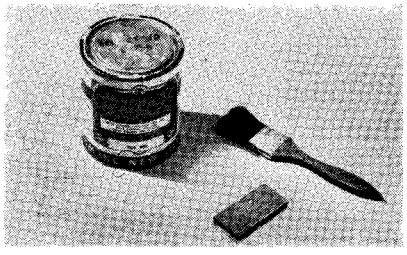
WASH VENETIAN BLINDS easily, well, with foam-rubber pads attached to plastic jaws. Specify curved or straight blinds. "Won-Wype." $1. Alred Ind., 8203 S. Avalon, Los Angeles 3, Calif.



HIDE PIPES AND add storage space with this plastic skirt. Fits under rim of sink, comes with hardware, no tools needed. Red, white, green, blue, yellow. $4.95*. Lewis & Conger, NYC 19.



YOUR CAR CAN BE up-to-date with this easy-to-install signal kit. Flashes right or left turns, looks built-in, fits '42-'50 models. $14.50. Globe Auto Stores, 525 Main St., Stamford, Conn.



A TILE-LIKE SURFACE can be sprayed or brushed on concrete, stone, masonry, tile, linoleum, or metal with this liquid. 15 colors. $2.95 qt. Pavinoleum, Inc., 1239 St. Nicholas Ave., NYC 32.

RESTORE WORN FLOORS yourself without expensive scraping or sanding. Ugly coats of varnish and shellac vanish when wiped with this liquid. "LiFF." $1.98 qt., Gertz's, Jamaica, N. Y.

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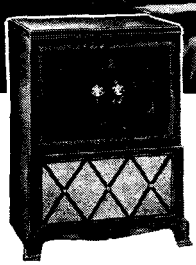
Better looking in every way!

New RCA Victor 17-inch Fairfield



RCA Victor Fairfield

Million Proof 17-inch console. Has built-in antenna, a phono-jack for 45 rpm record changer. Mahogany, walnut or limed oak finish. Model 7T122.

Watch "Kukla, Fran and Ollie," Mon.-Fri. 7 p.m. N.Y. time on NBC television.

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO
FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC
FIRST IN TELEVISION

it's Million Proof television— proven in well over a million homes

Any new RCA Victor set you choose gives you better picture quality, styling and performance than ever before. All have the new, extra-powerful RCA Victor television pick-up that brings in the picture even in "fringe" areas. All are styled to "live with" the finest furnishings.

And—*only* when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract for expert installation and service.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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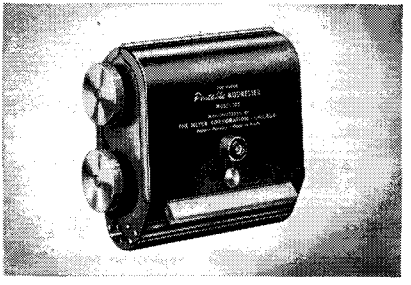
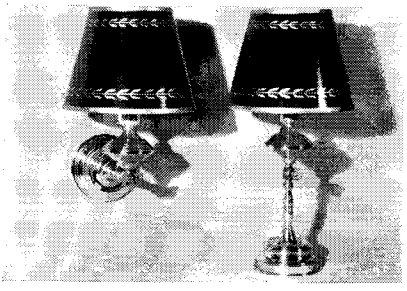
Coronet's Family Shopper

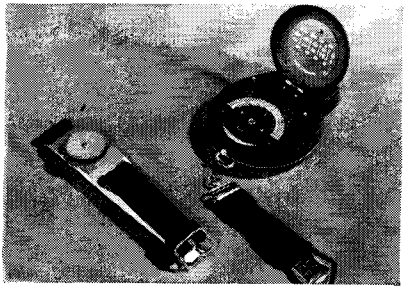
THE EASTER BUNNY couldn't bring a more welcome gift than this long-eared, carrot-toting cowboy. "Bugs Bunny," dressed for the range, twists into any position and sits firmly, aided by his seat-fastened suction cup. $2.95. Fineline Co., 303 Fifth Ave., NYC 16.



LOAD THIS NEW addresser like a camera with up to 270 three-line addresses, then roll it across the envelopes. Each roll is good for 100 printings, with no limit to the size of club, church, or business mailing list. "Heyer." $9.95. Goldsmith Bros., 77 Nassau St., NYC 7.



PIN THIS SOLID-BRASS lamp on the wall, or stand it on a table. The tole shade comes in maroon or green, and the lamp, lacquered to prevent tarnishing, is 15½" high. Decorative, and almost as versatile as Aladdin's. $3.95. Crystalier, 485A Lexington Ave., NYC 17.



COMPACT AS A POCKET WATCH, this two-ounce light meter does an accurate job. Carry it in shirt pocket or on extra wristband. The snap lid protects dial markings and sensitive electric cell against bumps. "Chronos." $24.95*. Wrist strap $2. Willoughby's, NYC 1.

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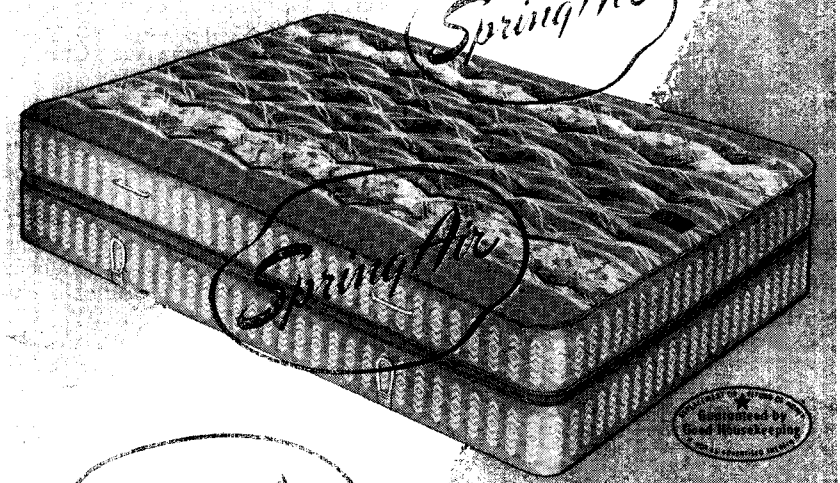
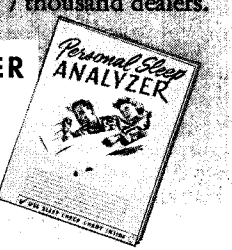


There's no finer sleep comfort .... no better dollar value than Spring-Air. It's the same fine mattress that's used in more than 1000 fine hotels, over 2000 good hospitals and in about 2 million homes. Sold by over 7 thousand dealers.

***Write* FOR FREE SLEEP ANALYZER**

A helpful guide to aid you in selecting just the right mattress for your own weight and build... even for people of unequal weight who sleep in the same bed. It assures proper contour softness... proper weight support. See your dealer, or write Spring-Air Co., Dept. 324, Holland, Mich.



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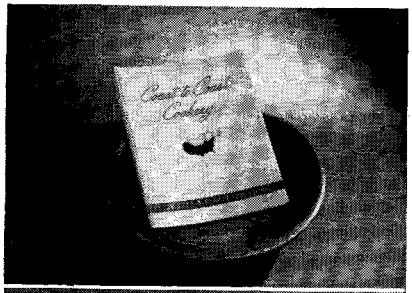
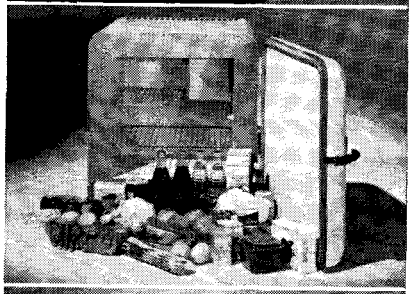
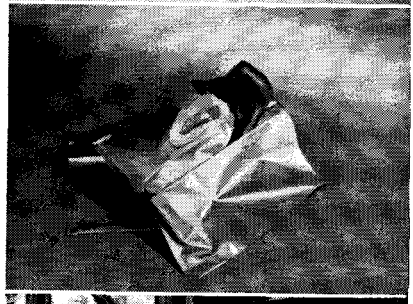
Coronet's Family Shopper



EAT YOUR WAY cross-country with the recipes in this book, written by the nation's food editors and originally designed only for them. The Senate's famous bean soup is here, as are New England's blueberry slump and California's barbecues. "Coast to Coast Cookery." $2.50. Am. Assoc. Newspaper Reps., 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.



THIS PORTABLE refrigerator is a mighty midget. It holds ice-cube trays and milk bottles, works on AC or DC current. Utilizing a new principle that eliminates moving parts and vibrations, this 60-pound modern miracle is a boon to small apartments and summer cottages. "Astral." $129.50*. Dale Distributing Co., 40 E. 32nd St., NYC 16.



PUT A PIPE in this pouch and it will fit cozily in a separate pocket alongside the tobacco, without any annoying bulge. The trick is a contoured section which makes room for the bowl. The whole practical combination rolls neatly for carrying. "Pipe Pocket Pouch." $1. Hypo Manufacturing Co., 261 S. E. 63rd Avenue, Portland 16, Oregon.

HUNTING FOR THE SCREENS, repairing them, putting them up? Consider these automatic, self-storing, nonrusting screens, permanently installed with a screw driver. Open window—screen appears. Close window—screen rolls up into aluminum case. Give width of lower-sash glass. Average price, $5.45*. Lockhart Mfg. Co., Detroit 12, Mich.

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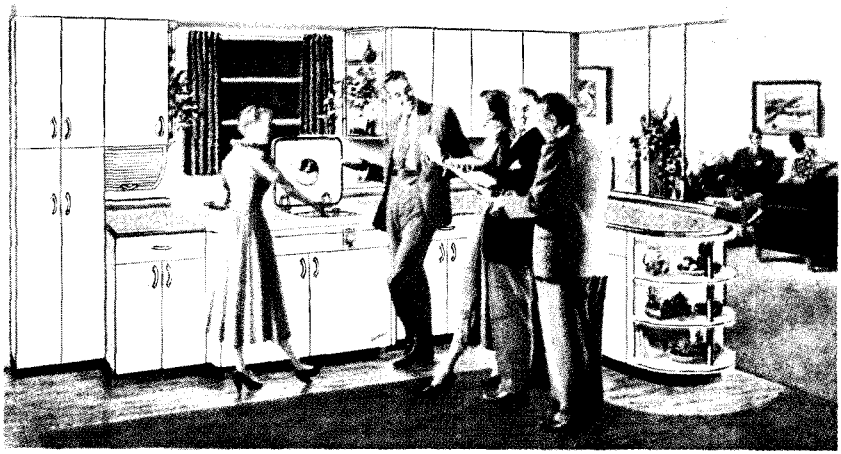

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WORLD'S NEWEST KITCHEN IDEAS— priced right for you!

All the features you ever wanted—and you can blend them into a kitchen that fits your needs, space, and budget, NOW!

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World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens

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I plan to build ☐
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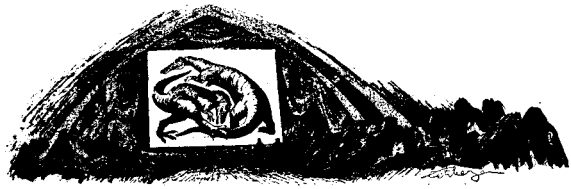
Vol. 29, No. 5 March, 1951

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

THE MOST AMAZING MOVIE EVER MADE



by JAMES C. RETTIE

OUT BEYOND the solar system is a planet called Copernicus. It came into existence some four or five billion years before the birth of our Earth, and in due time became inhabited by a race of intelligent men.

About 750,000,000 years ago, the Copernicans had developed the motion-picture machine to a point well in advance of the stage we have reached. Most of the cameras we now use take 24 pictures a second on a continuous strip of film. Run through a projector, the film throws on the screen a series of images that change so quickly we get the impression of normal movement.

Motion too fast for the eye to catch it in detail can be artificially slowed down by the slow-motion camera. But what about motion that is too *slow* to be seen by our eyes? That problem has been solved by the time-lapse camera, in which the shutter is geared to take only one shot a second, or one a minute, or even one an hour—depending upon the kind of movement being photographed. When the time-lapse film is projected at the normal speed of 24 pictures a second, we can even watch a bean sprout growing out of the ground.

Now the Copernicans had time-lapse cameras some 757,000,000 years ago, and they also had super-telescopes that gave them a clear view of what was happening on Earth. So they decided to film the

From *Forever the Land*, edited by Russell and Kate Lord. Copyright 1950 and published by Harper and Brothers, New York, N. Y.

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Earth's life-history, on the scale of one picture a year. This photography has been going on for the last 757,000,000 years.

The Copernican Interstellar Expedition will arrive on Earth soon with a copy of the time-lapse film. The entire film will be shown in one continuous run, beginning at midnight of New Year's Eve and continuing *day and night without a stop* until midnight of the following December 31.

The rate of projection will be 24 pictures a second. Thus, time on the screen will seem to move at the rate of 24 years a second; 1,440 years a minute; 86,400 years an hour; 2,000,000 years a day; and 62,000,000 years a month. The full period of Earth history to be unfolded on the screen (some 757,000,000 years) will extend from what the geologists call Pre-Cambrian times up to the present.

As we watch the screen during the months of January, February, and March, the picture will be desolate and dreary. The shape of land masses and the oceans will bear little resemblance to those we know today. Geological erosion will be much in evidence. Rains will pour down on the land and promptly go booming to the seas. Everywhere on steeper ground, the channels will be filled with boulders hurled down by rushing waters. High mountains will seem to melt like butter in the sun.

Early in April, there will be some indication of the presence of single-celled living organisms in some of the warmer and sheltered coastal waters. By the end of the month, some of these organisms will have become multicellular, while a few will be encased in hard shells.

Toward the end of May, the first vertebrates will appear, but they will still be aquatic creatures. In June, about 60 per cent of the land area that we know as North America will be under water. One broad channel will occupy the space where the Rocky Mountains now stand. Oil and gas deposits will be forming under shallow seas.

About the middle of July, the first land plants will appear and take up the tremendous job of soil-building. Very slowly the mat of vegetation will spread, lacing down with its root structures whatever pulverized rock material it can find and paving the way for land animals that will live upon it.

Early in August, the seas will be teeming with fish, some of which will be breathing by means of lung tissue instead of through gills. Before the month is over, some of the lungfish will go ashore and take on a crude lizard-like appearance. Here are the first amphibians.

In early September, the insects will appear. Some will look like huge dragonflies, with a wing spread of 24 inches. Large portions of the land masses now will be covered with heavy vegetation, to appear later as coal deposits. About the middle of the month, we will see evidence of the first seed-bearing plants and the first reptiles. And before September is over, the first dinosaurs appear—huge creatures destined to dominate the animal realm for about 140,000,000 years and then to vanish.

In October, a series of mountain uplifts will occur on what is now the Eastern Coast of the United

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States. A creature with feathered limbs—half-bird and half-reptile—will take to the air. Some small and rather unpretentious animals will bring forth their young in a form that is a miniature replica of the parents, and feed these young on milk from the mammary glands of the female parent. The emergence of this mammalian form of animal life will be recognized as one of the great events in geologic time.

November will bring pictures of a sea extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic, in the space now occupied by the Rocky Mountains. A few reptiles will take to the air on batlike wings. One of these, Pteranodon, will have a wingspread of 15 feet.

There will be a rapid development of modern flowering plants, modern trees, and modern insects. The dinosaurs will disappear. Toward the end of the month, there will be a tremendous land disturbance in which the Rocky Mountains will rise out of the sea.

As the picture runs on into December, it will show the mammals in command of animal life. Seed-bearing trees and grasses will have covered most of the land with heavy vegetation. Most streams will be crystal-clear. The turmoil of geologic erosion will be confined to localized areas. About December 25, the cutting of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado will begin.

The picture will run on through December with still no sign of mankind. Now the spectators will begin to fear that man has somehow been left out. But not so.

Sometime around noon on December 31 (1,000,000 years ago), a stooped, massive creature of man-like proportions will appear—the Java ape man. His children will live precariously, threatened by hostile animals and tremendous climatic changes.

Ice sheets—in places 4,000 feet deep—will form in the northern parts of North America and Eurasia. Four times, this glacial ice will push southward to cover half the continents. With each advance, plant and animal life will be swept under or pushed southward.

With each recession of the ice, life will struggle to re-establish itself. The woolly mammoth, the musk ox, and the caribou will fight to maintain themselves near the ice line. Sometimes they will be caught and put into cold storage—skin, flesh, blood, bones, and all.

The picture will run on through suppertime with still very little evidence of man's presence on Earth. About 11 P.M., Neanderthal man appears. Another half-hour will go by before the appearance of Cro-Magnon man, living in caves and painting crude animal pictures on the walls.

Fifteen minutes more will bring Neolithic man, knowing how to chip stone and thus produce cutting edges for spears and tools. In a few minutes more it will appear that man has domesticated the dog, the sheep and, possibly, other animals. He will also learn the arts of basket-weaving, and the making of pottery and dugout canoes.

THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION will not come until about five or six minutes before the end of the picture. The story of the Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Greeks, and the Romans will unroll during the

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fourth, the third, and the second minute before the end. At 58 minutes and 43 seconds past 11 P.M. (just one minute and 17 seconds before the end) will come the beginning of the Christian era. Columbus will discover the new world 20 seconds before the end. And the Declaration of Independence will be signed just seven seconds before the final curtain comes down!

In those few moments of geologic time will be the story of all that has happened since America became a nation. And what a story it will be!

A human swarm will sweep across the continent and take it away from the primitive red men. Soon, the great virgin forests will be seen going down before ax and fire. The soil, covered for aeons by protective trees and grasses, will be laid bare to the ravages of water and wind erosion. Streams that had been flowing clear will again take up a load of silt and push it toward the seas. Humus and mineral salts, both vital elements of productive soil, will be seen to vanish at a terrifying rate.

The railroads and highways and cities that will spring up may divert attention, but they cannot cover up the blight of man's recent activities. In great sections of Asia, it will be seen that man must utilize every scrap of straw or grass for fuel to cook his food. The forests that once provided wood for this purpose will be gone without a trace. The use of these agricultural wastes for fuel, in place of returning them to the land, will be leading to increasing soil impoverishment.

Here and there will be seen a dust storm darkening the landscape over an area 1,000 miles across. Man-creatures will be shown counting their wealth in terms of bits of printed paper, representing other bits of a scarce but comparatively useless yellow metal kept buried in underground vaults. Meanwhile, the soil, the only real wealth that can keep mankind alive, is savagely being cut loose from its ancient moorings and washed into the seas.

As the picture ends, we will realize that we have just arrived upon this Earth. And as we watch the ravages inflicted upon our life-giving soil, we will ask ourselves the most important question of all. How long will we stay here?

Will Rogers Reported

The best way to ease traffic is to take cars not paid for off the streets.

A conference is just an admission that you want someone else to share your troubles.

The theater is a great equalizer. It's the only place where the poor can look down on the rich.

In Hollywood they do their filming by day and their acting by night.

—Will Rogers

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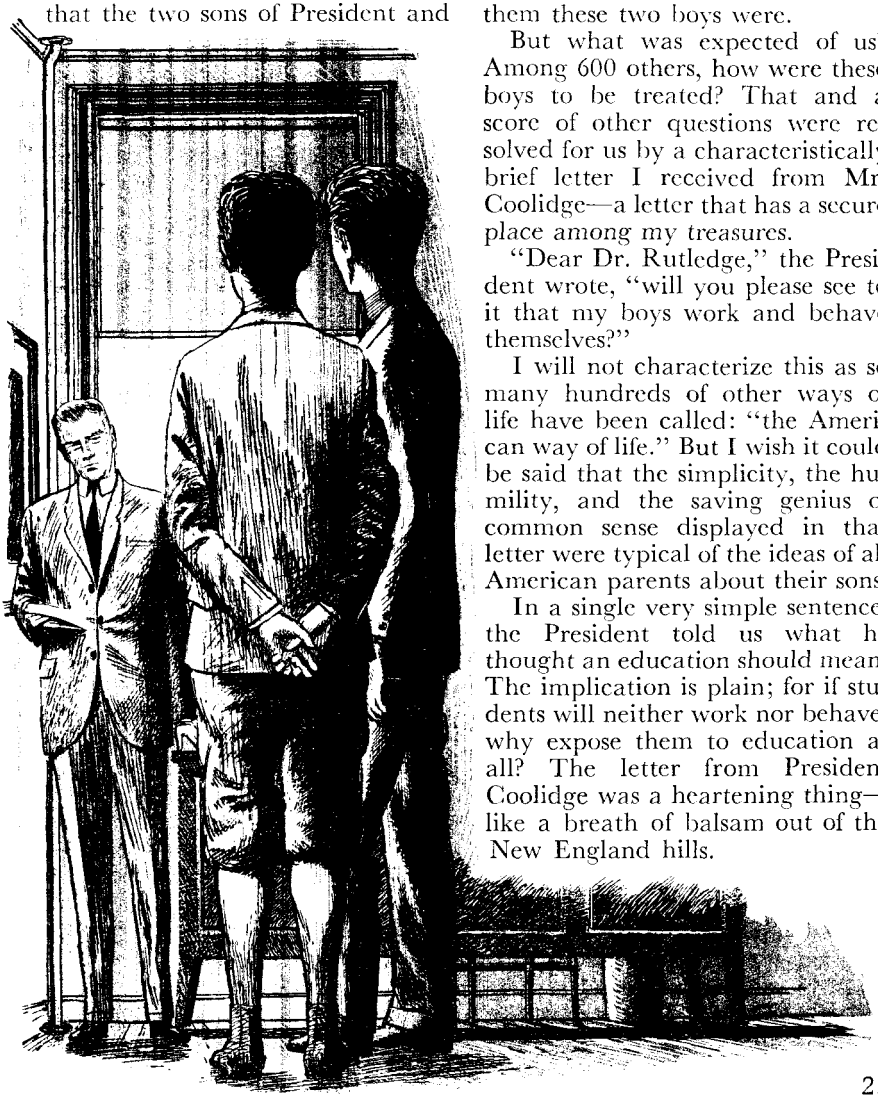
MOTTO for PARENTS

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

WHEN I WAS A TEACHER in a boys' preparatory school, all my colleagues and I were excited and somewhat concerned when we heard that the two sons of President and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge (their only children) were to be sent to our school. I had met the President and his wife, and I knew how dear to them these two boys were.



But what was expected of us? Among 600 others, how were these boys to be treated? That and a score of other questions were resolved for us by a characteristically brief letter I received from Mr. Coolidge—a letter that has a secure place among my treasures.

"Dear Dr. Rutledge," the President wrote, "will you please see to it that my boys work and behave themselves?"

I will not characterize this as so many hundreds of other ways of life have been called: "the American way of life." But I wish it could be said that the simplicity, the humility, and the saving genius of common sense displayed in that letter were typical of the ideas of all American parents about their sons.

In a single very simple sentence, the President told us what he thought an education should mean. The implication is plain; for if students will neither work nor behave, why expose them to education at all? The letter from President Coolidge was a heartening thing—like a breath of balsam out of the New England hills.

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Beware Bicarb!

Remember this: "Baking soda" is not a cure-all, and there's danger in using it indiscriminately

by IRMIS JOHNSON

RUDOLPH VALENTINO, the great screen lover, awakened with a gnawing pain in his stomach that August morning in 1926; and, like thousands of other victims of chronic indigestion, went to the medicine cabinet for a dose of bicarbonate of soda. Almost as soon as he had taken it, he collapsed.

Despite all efforts to save his life, Valentino died within a few days. He might, just possibly, still be living if he had known the potential danger of taking bicarbonate of soda without first finding out what causes "indigestion."

Probably no other drug in the world is so popular, so frequently used for treating minor ills ranging from occasional digestive distress to blisters and burns. Yet the medical profession has begun to issue warnings against its indiscriminate use because, unknown to most people, it has been proven definitely harmful in certain specific circumstances. These occasions aren't many but they can be extremely serious.

Instead of looking on good old "baking soda" as a cure-all, entirely innocuous in itself, we should try to understand when it is safe and when it may be harmful.

To begin with, a person suffering from a certain type of heart disease may bring on a fatal attack by taking a dose of bicarb. If he doesn't die from this unwise self-medication, he certainly will make recovery more difficult.

A 52-year-old businessman had acquired a mild soda habit by using the drug to help him recover from hangovers. When he began to be troubled with "indigestion," he took bicarbonate for that, too.

Then several things happened. He started putting on weight; he developed an annoying cough; he tired easily; his ankles became swollen. That sent him to a doctor, who confirmed his fears of heart trouble,

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but announced that the patient could avoid serious consequences if he obeyed the rules.

"Your heart isn't furnishing enough blood to vital organs," the doctor explained. "For this reason your kidneys are allowing salt and water to be absorbed into the tissues. Your body is getting waterlogged. I'm going to put you on a salt-free diet. You're likely to have some indigestion. I'll give you a special prescription for that."

The businessman followed the diet and took the medicines prescribed. The swelling of his ankles disappeared, his weight went down, and he was back at work when he happened to run out of the medicine prescribed by the doctor and switched to bicarbonate of soda—his "old reliable remedy."

One day, after he had taken several doses of soda, he collapsed and was taken to the hospital. There his switch from the doctor's prescription to his own home remedy was discovered.

It was the sodium in the soda (sodium bicarbonate)—operating in the same manner as the sodium in salt (sodium chloride)—which had caused serious congestion in the lungs. Had this been just a trifle more severe, death might have resulted. As it was, the patient recovered. But he never went back to bicarbonate of soda.

OVERDOSING WITH bicarb of soda also may cause too much alkali in the blood—upsetting what is known as the acid-alkali balance, which varies only slightly in normal health. When a person takes bicarbonate, it neutralizes stomach acids first, then causes those acids to be secreted at an even greater rate than before, making it necessary to take more and more of the drug to get any effect. This vicious cycle—which doctors call "acid rebound"—may lead to alkali poisoning, or alkalosis, when large quantities of soda have been consumed.

An energetic salesman, aged 30, usually had sandwiches, pie, and coffee sent up to his office for lunch. Eating hurriedly, as he worked over some problem, often caused him to suffer from indigestion.

What could be simpler than to reach for the bicarb he kept in his desk? One day, with an important conference coming up, his indigestion started to bother him right after breakfast. He took a spoonful of soda every hour and went to the meeting feeling groggy. Just as a vital question was about to be discussed, he slumped unconscious in his chair.

A doctor diagnosed the case as alkalosis. Too much soda had upset the acid-alkali balance of the salesman's blood to a dangerous degree. He wasn't fit for work for several days and his physician persuaded him to use some other remedy for future digestive disorders.

Sometimes, however, before the bicarb ever gets as far as the blood stream, it causes damage. Large quantities taken more or less continuously keep the digestive juices alkaline. Normal digestion can't take place unless the stomach juices are slightly acid, and trouble results when too much alkali has been consumed.

Bicarbonate of soda undoubtedly continues to be an important ingredient when combined with other drugs in certain prescriptions. There

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also are numerous external and internal uses for it which doctors recommend.

So it becomes obvious that there is a happy balance between the good and the bad effects of bicarb on the human body. The first rule would seem to be that it is dangerous to become a soda addict. While an occasional dose may be helpful, continued use of large quantities sets up the vicious acid-rebound cycle, causes poor absorption of certain necessary food elements, and may result in alkali poisoning.

Persons suffering from heart and kidney disease should be especially careful to avoid the drug, because it creates an excess of sodium in the body and causes the tissues to become waterlogged.

Also, the carbon dioxide gas released in the stomach, when soda mixes with acid gastric juices, can cause damaging pressure in the digestive tract—especially in cases of stomach ulcers. As though to point up the moral of the Valentino tragedy, fate recently staged a kind of repeat performance, with another beloved Hollywood star playing the leading role.

Al Jolson, his exuberant vitality depleted by the strain of entertaining American troops in Korea, suffered an attack of seeming indigestion. He, too, resorted to bicarbonate, and the "tried and true household remedy," instead of bringing hoped-for relief, left the way open for a fatal heart attack.

As in the case of nearly all drugs, soda, too, must be used with knowledge of its uses and abuses. Therefore, think twice the next time you take it off the shelf!

Drafty Business

FROM A CALIFORNIA paper: "The first to take the physicals were the 25-year-olds. Many of them, however, were World War II veterans, currently exempt. The 2-year-olds were next."

—JOHN DICKINSON

ANSWERING THE CRITICISM that only men with needed skills should be drafted, Selective Service Director Lewis B. Hershey remarked: "I haven't seen a draft questionnaire yet in which the guy said he shot people for a living."

—CHARLES SANTOS

IN CHICAGO, A BRIDEGROOM of 80, forestalling questions of surprised friends, declared: "I'm not getting married to avoid the draft."

—PAUL FILLARD

AN OKLAHOMA VETERAN left this message for the chairman of his local draft board:

"I wanted to tell you that I was in the last war for four years, and that I don't want to crowd in ahead of anyone else who wants the experience."

—THE REV. WILLIAM J. HART

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SECRETS OF Charm FOR THE PLAIN GIRL

by CAROL HUGHES

Make the most of your assets, and you won't need beauty to find love and happiness

A WISTFUL but depressed girl recently wrote a lonely wail to a beauty expert. "What chance is there for me in the world?" her letter said. "I am not too fat, nor too thin. I am not too tall, nor too short. I am just plain 'average'—an in-between.

"My hair has no life; my eyes are just plain blue; I have no outstanding feature. Is there any hope for just an average girl who wants a little bit more from life than a secretary's desk, nights alone at a movie, and perhaps some day a mediocre husband?"

This girl spoke eloquently for thousands of other "just average" girls across the country. Never before in history, with so much visual beauty fed to us daily via movies, television, and magazines, has the gawky, the homely, the bewildered girl yearned so much to be a part of the social whirl.

Few people can comprehend the strange and incommunicable loneliness that the plain girl knows. Every female longs to be desired and desirable. And yet the age-old problem of the homely girl is more acute than ever today, when glamour and charm seem to reign.

However, the plain girl of 1951 who indulges in useless self-pity is either whistling in the dark, lazy, or completely out of touch with her times. Almost any girl can be good-looking, if not beautiful, if she has the patience, the desire, and the tenacity to stick with it. Even more important is the fact that plain features, even ugliness, play an unimportant part in what a girl does with herself in our world today.

This does not mean that the sixth daughter of a debt-burdened farmer can turn to expensive facial surgery or beauty salons at $50 a throw. Most females are quite

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aware that, in Hollywood, a few thousand dollars spent with the Westmore brothers and a super-dress by Adrian can do wonders for the average girl. But this knowledge is small comfort to the girl who earns $35 to $50 a week. Nevertheless, the plain girl can do very well for herself, thank you, and is proving it every day.

The first consolation for the average girl is the fact that there are only a minority of truly beautiful women in this country. The Hayworths, the Lamarrs, and the Turners are few and far between. Most girls today are not exactly unbeautiful—they are just not the glamour queens Hollywood has glorified. The competition thus runs more to the average competing with the average. Since the majority are in the class of the undistinguished, the race and the prize goes to the girl who really *cares*.

For too many years, too many girls have been led to believe that a man is far more interested in what's *outside* her head than what is *inside*. Ironically, this isn't true any more. No longer does the successful businessman depreciate the real help that an intelligent wife can offer him. Even the college boy now learns early that the girl with intelligence is far more of an asset than a bird-brained beauty.

In a recent survey conducted by the Atlanta Division of the University of Georgia, both men and women chose *character* as a mate's first quality. *Intelligence* came second in the list. Third was *congeniality* and *compatibility*; fourth was *personality*. In fifth place, men put *understanding*, *fair play*, and *cooperation*; sixth, they wanted their wives to be *healthy*; and seventh, dragged in as an afterthought, was *beauty*.

Almost any girl, even one who fits the platitude "homely as sin," can possess most of these virtues without too much effort. In short, the old idea that the lipstick, the permanent wave, the sexy clothes, and the exotic perfume held the answer to romance and marriage has now been disproved.

A theater manager in a Midwestern town hired a girl cashier. This meant that from her "showcase" seat she faced every customer who bought a ticket. The girl was neat, well-groomed, poised, and anxious to please. But across her face was a long and livid burn scar.

The manager's wife exclaimed: "Jim, why on earth did you hire a girl like that for the front box?"

The manager, a shrewd man with people, said simply: "Wait and see how she does."

Within three months, the entire theater staff were vying for luncheon dates. The ushers, who had at first been inclined to turn their heads, were standing in line for dates. The manager said recently: "You never think of her scar, and I am always surprised if some stranger mentions it. She is the neatest, nicest girl I have ever met."

Recently I passed the box office with one of the town's most eligible bachelors. He raised his hand and called gaily: "See you tonight, Jane!" Then he said to me: "That girl is beautiful. She has a quality that I have never met in any other!"

IN AMERICA'S marriage mart, some of the nation's "plainest" women have made the most desirable matches. By no stretch of the imag-

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ination could Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt be called beautiful. Nor was she beautiful as a young girl. As she admitted in her autobiography, she tried to make up in other ways for what she lacked in beauty. The fact that she won one of the handsomest and most eligible young men of her day proves how well she developed the other traits.

Another case in point is Helen Hayes, who would be the first to admit that she is not beautiful. Yet, because she is richly endowed with charm, Miss Hayes became a darling of the Broadway stage, where beauty is a priceless asset. What's more, she captured the debonair and successful journalist and playwright, Charles MacArthur, to whom she has been happily married for more than 22 years.

There are others who come to mind: Magda Lupescu, who married the former King of Rumania; Wallis Simpson, who took King Edward from his throne. Delving back into history, a notable case was Josephine, whom Napoleon loved until he died. All of which proves that beauty has never been the prime requisite to love and marriage.

On the other hand, consider some of the famous beauties of our day. They have married, but many unsuccessfully. Often they have not married at all. In any celebrated night club, you will find beautiful women adorning the arms of millionaire bachelors and Wall Street titans, but when these men marry they usually pick women not celebrated for glamour. Even Hedy Lamarr, one of the great beauties of all time, has had a hapless matrimonial career. As Dorothy Dix, matriarch of human emotions, puts it: "The truth is that while men like to be seen out with a living picture, they have no desire to hang it on their walls for keeps."

Thus, if beauty can be eliminated as the first essential, what can the average girl do about making a success of her life and finding her man? Plenty! She can start with the first rule—eliminate self-pity, abandon despair, and take a look at her assets. There is no place for defeatism in the world of romance. The stakes are high and well worth the effort.

The basic principles are neatness, cleanliness, and a healthy body. A good toothbrush, a good hairbrush, a good fingernail file, are the elementary tools which any girl can purchase in a dime store. Proper sleep and rest provide bright eyes and a fresh complexion. And there is little wrong with dull hair that a good home permanent and a hundred strokes of the brush each night will not cure.

The girl who has started with these basic elements can then go on to the art of proper make-up for her type of features, and to that much overrated matter of grooming—the proper clothes. Her make-up problem is easy enough to solve. Our newspapers carry columns by experts on the art of make-up, physical culture, and every other phase of beauty.

The average girl, in her quest to make the most of herself, can write a letter to any of these experts, describing her hair, eyes, and complexion. By return mail, she will be told the proper shade of lipstick, powder, and rouge to use, as well as eye-shadow for gay evenings. Here

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again, it is no longer necessary to dream of glamour courses in famous beauty salons. The drugstores carry excellent brands of make-up.

Today, even scars are not to be looked upon with dread and horror. On the market are cosmetics that effectively cover all marks and are so harmless they can be used as easily as make-up.

If the plain girl is fretting because she wears glasses, she need fret no more. A new day has dawned since Dorothy Parker made her famous crack: "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses." The ingenious American industrialist has not only designed beautiful glasses of every type and kind to adorn weak eyes, but has instituted a selling campaign so effective that almost everybody wears glasses at one time or another—on beaches, for reading, for going incognito, or for the sheer improvement some frames add to female features.

The important problem of clothes can also be solved by the girl who cannot afford Fifth Avenue gowns or an original from her home store. "Miss Average" can start with simplicity of dress—neat but inexpensive cottons, and, for winter, one good suit with several inexpensive blouses. Few clothes can compete with a simple white blouse, a good skirt, and a wide or narrow belt. A girl so groomed can go almost any place.

Girls with little money can purchase almost an entire wardrobe at the five-and-ten-cent store, where good blouses sell for as little as $1.98, a simple basic skirt for less than $2, and a single strand of imitation pearls at comparable prices. Clothes, then, need never be the big problem. The plain girl should stick to the simplest designs, with little or no ornamentation. It is her personality that should emerge first, not the traits of a peacock.

NOW THAT "MISS AVERAGE" has solved the basic physical problems, she begins with her personality, her mind, her attitude toward life, people, and her community. Somehow, she begins to find within herself the stuff to live by. A good beginning is her local library, plus her newspaper and a few good magazines that deal with the broader fields of living.

Another thing: any girl can smile. I know one of the homeliest girls imaginable: her eyes are small, her nose is narrow, her chin pointed. Yet I have seen her walk into a room, give a smile that would light a Christmas tree, and keep it there all evening. She radiates a genuine enjoyment of living—adores people, and absorbs them into her circle. As one man puts it: "She has made a thing of beauty out of her very ugliness. In any room, she overshadows all other women."

A sense of humor is also of prime importance to social success. This does not mean that the girl must tell risqué jokes or know the latest story, or make a witty retort to everything said. She need not even be the source of wit or humor, but she can show she enjoys it when someone else is. The plain girl who is nimble-witted, who enjoys good fun, who laughs a lot, can eclipse the beauty who merely waits for the moth to circle the flame.

Ingenuity, then, can make up for beauty in many ways. But to ingenuity the homely girl should

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add the little niceties of life—a call on a sick friend, an interest in children around her, active participation in the civic and moral betterment of her community. Almost any girl can spare an evening a week for a worthy local project. Maybe it is spending a few hours as a nurse's aid, or helping in a fund-raising campaign, or visiting a veterans' hospital, or calling on a lonely shut-in. Such a girl will enrich her life immeasurably, just as she will find an appreciation of her own worth rising in the community.

Another essential—and no small one for "Miss Average"—is an active participation in sports. In our sport-minded age, a healthy outdoor interest is a natural phase of living. This does not mean that a girl must swing a tennis racket, be proficient at golf, ride spirited horses, or become some kind of champion. But any girl can participate in one sport in any part of the country. Exercise can become fun, lead to a broader life, and do wonders for an active body.

"Miss Average" now begins to stack up as a girl worth knowing, one who can be many things. And as she goes down the glorious road to success—never despairing, never letting up because of tedium or competition—she will find her pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. She will have acquired the necessary assets for a career or even to attain her greater goal—that of a happy wife and mother. And she will never have to worry over the ultimate tragedy of beauty—that it does not last.

In her middle forties she will not need to hear: "My, hasn't she faded?" For the girl who has acquired simple and inexpensive aids to beauty will be too busy as a serene mother or successful career woman to surrender to the assault of time. In fact, her beauty will come from within—and not even time can besiege her fortress.

Futile Fables

LITTLE WILLIE, son of the famous explorer-lecturer, had cut across the weed-grown vacant lot on his way home from the corner grocery this evening. Now he handed his mother the bottle of milk, and blurted: "Gad, Mother, what an experience! There I was, the darkness closing in, the thorny arms of the jungle tearing at me, clawing at my flesh, and—"

"The weeds on that lot are a bit sticky," his mother agreed gently.

Willie rushed on: "And then I saw the eyes—the big, yellow, burning eyes come closer . . . closer. In another instant that lithe, tawny form would emit a savage growl and come hurtling at me. And I—and I—Gad, Mother! If only I'd had the equipment to rip off a recording or two of the scene, and while the spell was on me! If only—"

"Old Tabby must have known you were going for milk, and followed you," said his mother. "Now run upstairs and wash for dinner."

—*Wall Street Journal*

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The Tragedy of Ring Lardner, Jr.

What strange force led the son of a distinguished father down the leftist path and into jail? Here is the inside story

by CRAIG THOMPSON

LAST JULY, the doors of a Federal prison clanged shut on the namesake son of the late Ringgold Wilmer Lardner, the writer whose wryly humorous stories placed him among America's literary greats and enabled him to leave a tidy quarter-million-dollar estate to the mother of his four sons. Ring, Jr., was jailed because he refused to say whether he was, or had been, a communist.

His fragile, staunchly loyal mother had already known more than the usual widow's grief. One son, Jim, was killed in Spain, fighting for the Loyalists. Another, Dave, died in a jeep crash while working as a World War II correspondent near Aachen, Germany.

Perhaps because of these things, the usually sightless machinery of U. S. justice, after deciding to shuck a year of freedom from young Ring's life, thoughtfully sent him to the Danbury, Connecticut, jail. It was the one closest to Mrs. Lardner's 300-acre Berkshire estate. This made it easier for her to ride down to prison—in her Cadillac sedan behind Albert, her chauffeur-gardener for 27 years—to see her son on visiting days.

In prison, young Ring continued to be the same big, boyish, bespectacled, often-shy young man he always had been. For here was no hate-bitten, misanthropic failure. Before he had turned 30, he had become a minor Hollywood celebrity, accustomed to earning $2,000 or more a week as a writer of screen plays.

Despite the shy streak, he had never had much trouble making friends. Last August 19, four weeks after his admittance, the 45 other inmates of his cell block showered him with their cigarettes and chocolate bars—a prison party to mark his 35th birthday.

Even the warden took an interest in the prisoner from the world of movie glamour, and gave him a job in the parole office. There, Lardner kept records which sometimes assist penitent malefactors to regenerate themselves. In young Ring, how-

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ever, there was no sign of regeneration or any other kind of change. His letters proved that he still regarded his jail sentence as unjust and senseless.

"As a taxpayer," he wrote, "I protest such an absurd squandering of Federal funds."

But there was a greater waste which had nothing to do with public money. It was the tragic fact that this young man, product of an American home richly endowed with intellect, affection, and material comfort, had ended an enviable career by following a cause which is repugnant to the vast majority of Americans.

Ring, Jr.'s, behavior created two schools of reaction. One, screamed by the communist press and shared by many of his close friends and erstwhile companions, was that young Lardner had gone down fighting for the "principle" that an American has a right to keep his politics under cover. The other was summed up concisely by a top Hollywood executive:

"I cannot understand the temptation on the part of a reasonably comfortable American to follow the leftist path. It's a sad thing to see one of old Ring's sons in this predicament."

This confusion is just what the communists want. It masks the deeper question: why? But because confusion exists, it becomes necessary to show what Ring Lardner, Jr., was before undertaking to say how he got that way.

YOUNG RING'S arrival in Hollywood in 1934, when he was just past 19, was a class-B comedy of mistaken identity. David Selznick, the producer, had seen Ring's older brother, John, in a New York night club, and exclaimed:

"There's a handsome young man. What's his name? I want a screen test of him."

When he got back to Hollywood, all he could remember was the name Lardner, and to office assistants there could be only one Lardner—one named Ring. So Ring was summoned to the Selznick lot, all expenses paid.

Up to then he had spent four years in prep school at Phillips Andover and two at Princeton, had made a summer tour of Europe including two weeks or so in Russia, and had worked a few months as a cub reporter on Hearst's tabloid New York *Mirror*. This was scarcely the preparation for a career as an actor, and the screen test flopped dismally.

But Selznick, by now, had been captured by the idea of having a Lardner, particularly a Ring Lardner, on the lot. Young Ring was offered, and took, a job in the publicity department.

As a cinema press agent, he was an irreverent jokester. He gave Marlene Dietrich tantrums by standing behind the camera and, she said, glaring at her. When his immediate boss, Russell Birdwell, was away on business, young Ring tormented him with letters describing a fictitious but scandalous romance between Birdwell's secretary and another employee. Hollywood decided he had a "terrific" sense of humor—and Selznick made him a junior, or apprentice, writer of screen plays.

Screen writers, whether juniors or seniors, spend more time waiting

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for production executives to make decisions than they do turning out movie scripts. Young Ring thus had time on his hands, and used it to throw himself unreservedly into leftist "causes."

"It would be a mistake," says one of his early associates, "to think that Ring developed his political attitudes in Hollywood. He had 'em when he got here."

At that time, a principal objective of the radical fringe in Hollywood was the Screen Writers Guild. By capturing the Guild and using labor-union methods to impose a closed shop on the film studios, they hoped to convert the motion-picture industry into a channel for pro-Moscow propaganda.

Spearhead of this junta was John Howard Lawson, an able playwright with an incredibly long leftist record. One of Lawson's lieutenants was Dalton Trumbo, another able writer who was so far out in the open that he served as an editor of *Mainstream*, a magazine that had been founded to promote "Marxist thinking in literature and the creative arts."

Trumbo was ten years older than Lardner and, in 1935, an astronomical cut above him in income. But he became Ring's closest Hollywood friend. Like Lardner, Trumbo and Lawson were among the jailed Hollywood Ten.

With Trumbo at his elbow, Ring's rise in the Guild was more rapid and spectacular than his advance as a writer. By 1937, he lent his name to a letter denouncing an American Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky, though this was strictly an internal party fight and of interest only to Stalin's communists. Lardner also helped organize the Screen Publicists Guild of Hollywood, though he no longer had any connection with publicity as a career.

For these and other reasons, before he had earned a single screen credit by his writing, he became a force in the Screen Writers Guild, which claimed control over all Hollywood writers.

In 1939, the Stalin-Hitler pact created a strong anticommunist current in the Guild and, by 1941, this movement succeeded in purging the leadership of radicals. Ring resigned. But within a week after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, he was back in full swing as an organizer of the Hollywood Writers Mobilization and an editor of its publication, *Communique*.

The war against Hitler, which Ring had denounced from the time of the Stalin-Hitler pact until Hitler attacked Stalin, now became, for him, an all-out cause.

The stated purpose of the Mobilization was to mobilize Hollywood behind the war effort. In 1945, Ring was among those who received its first award for a screen play—an anti-Nazi polemic called *Tomorrow the World*, adapted from a stage play. However, the OWI refused to display this film in liberated Europe, and, subsequently, Attorney General Clark listed the Mobilization among the country's communist organizations.

Simply by thumbing back-issues of the West Coast communist newspaper *People's World*, one finds young Ring judging essay contests for American Youth for Democracy; contributing money to, and presiding over, meetings of the Spanish

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Refugee Appeal; going to a Washington "Win-the-Peace" meeting as a delegate of the Hollywood Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions; sponsoring the Civil Rights Congress; marching in picket lines; signing petitions distributed by the Voice of Freedom Committee; reading statements at demonstrations; and petitioning President Truman for clemency in behalf of 11 officers of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, who had been fined or jailed for refusing to produce their books of account.

Every organization named above has been officially branded as communist or subversive or both, but, once again, they are a mere sampling of Ring's multifarious attachments. In the light of this record, his appearance before the House Un-American Activities committee was anticlimactic. There, the government introduced into the record an alleged Communist party card—a sleazy rectangle of cardboard on which appeared the following in print and script:

No. 47180 1944 Card No. 46806
Name Ring L
Address 447 Loring
City L A County L.A. State Calif.
Name of Club (Blank)
New Card Issued on Nov. 30, 1944.

Ring refused to say anything about his political beliefs. But that did not much matter. The communists hailed his stand.

NOW COMES THE deeper question: how did he go so far to the left? Ring's own answer is this: "All I have done or written has been in keeping with the spirit of my father and two dead brothers."

Like most of his statements, this needs critical examination. That he had a deep emotional attachment to the brothers is obvious. After his brother Dave was killed in Germany, Ring's first wife (who had been Selznick's secretary when they were married in 1937) obtained a divorce. At the time, she charged that her husband had become glum and uncommunicative. Subsequently Ring married Dave's widow, Mrs. Frances Chaney Lardner, and assumed responsibility for Dave's two small children.

But that the spirit of either brother had any influence on Ring's choice of direction is simply not borne out by facts. Ring was up to his ear lobes in leftist causes before Jim was killed in Spain.

The same kind of contradiction crops out in relation to his father. There is every evidence that Ring revered his famous father—and recoiled every time he saw himself treading his father's footsteps.

For one thing, old Ring worked long and hard over everything he produced. Had young Ring applied himself to his writing with the same intensity his father did, he might well have fulfilled his father's prophecy for him.

"Wait till young Ring grows up," old Ring used to say to friends. "Then the world will read some truly great literature."

Instead, in 15 years of screen writing, Ring, Jr., had his name associated with 12 motion pictures. In the same period, other Hollywood writers, including Trumbo, did 25 or more.

It is, however, misleading to measure writing by quantity alone. A deeper insight into young Ring's

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behavior has been provided by another writer, one of the first to work with him in Hollywood. This writer hated the long periods of idle waiting, and he used them to turn out short stories, sketches, and snatches of what later became superbly successful novels. He often needled Ring into doing likewise and, occasionally, Ring did.

"The stuff he wrote," this man says, "was very like the stories his father did, but they were better. The feeling was more intense, and the satiric humor had a deeper bite. But as soon as Ring realized this, he tore them up."

Ring's two major interests, writing and social protest, were natural extensions of his childhood. The household in which he grew up was rich with conversation about books, plays, music. Almost from the time they could talk, all four Lardner boys were sure they would become writers when they came of age, and all of them did.

The Lardners were a "liberal" family in the terms of their time. They had an intellectual abhorrence of social injustice and delighted in having as guests such crusaders as James Weldon Johnson, urbane and witty leader of Negro causes.

In October, 1932, as the Depression's grip tightened and breadlines grew in length, old Ring announced that he intended to vote for Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for president. A friend chidingly told him that this might throw both Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt (then running for his first term and not yet the liberals' hero he later became) out of work. Old Ring replied:

"Don't worry. There is a big demand for comedians and both of these boys will be able to get swell jobs on the radio."

It was not the first time old Ring had wrapped an utterly serious attitude in a jest. It was, in fact, a habit with him, and it became a habit with young Ring, too. In Washington, when the Un-American Activities Committee put the blunt and fateful question: "Are you now, or have you ever been, a communist?" young Ring replied: "I could answer that—but I'd hate myself in the morning."

The Comrades thought this rejoinder brilliantly funny, but young Ring wasn't quite sure what he meant by it. Subsequently he explained he had always associated the phrase with the mental state of a virtuous woman in the act of letting herself be seduced by a scoundrel, and thereby beginning a career of prostitution.

But the courts, unlike the Comrades, had no time for smart answers; they called it contempt. In his father's manner, but without his father's sureness of judgment, young Ring had wisecracked himself into jail.

FROM ALL THESE INCIDENTS, and many others like them, the force of Ring's life can be seen in the shape of an alternating current shuttling between peaks of desire to be like his father, and valleys of blind revolt.

In the year of his father's Socialist conversion, Ring entered Princeton at the age of 17. There, after a good record at Phillips Andover, he rapidly became a freshman sophisticate, already able to write well enough to be printed in national

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magazines. College, young Lardner proclaimed in one article, is not the place where boys learn to swear, smoke, drink, and gamble; they learn these things in prep school. But it is, he went on, the place where the gin-lubricated bull session provides a better educational foundation than the classroom.

The passage which Ring wrote at 18 was a forecast of Ring at 28. Jack Warner, production chief of Warner Brothers, specifically named Ring as one he had in mind when he described in his own arresting idiom how the bull session operated on the movie lots.

"Some of them," he testified, "wrote for as high as six, eight, or ten months, and never delivered anything. What they were doing was taking your money and supposedly writing your scripts and trying to get these doctrines into the films—working for the party, or whatever the term is."

At the time Ring was scheduled to begin his second Princeton year, he was undergoing what appears, in the light of subsequent behavior, to have been the most profoundly affecting experience of his life. As school opened, he stayed on at the family home in East Hampton, Long Island, where his father lay dying. Death, which had hovered over old Ring for months, finally claimed him on September 25, 1933. A few days later, his body was cremated.

Ring, Jr., had just turned 18. He was at the age when boys who have never known the need for work, or the pangs of physical want, turn their minds to the future and begin seriously to think about what they intend to do with their lives.

Now, in nearly every college boy and girl, the desire to see Europe runs strong, which is as it should be. Young Ring's thoughts wandered off to what to him seemed the provoking and possibly enticing ways of life in other lands—to England, France, Germany, and Russia.

When Ring, Jr., returned to Princeton, his attitudes and behavior underwent a profound change. Whereas the year before he had expressed the belief that Princeton was one of America's "most refined gentlemen's finishing schools," now he seemed to have little interest in acquiring the finish it offered. He dabbled in the campus Socialist club, and made the Triangle Club show, which was a signal honor for a sophomore. But his grades ran from middling to flunk. One of his classmates recalls:

"We didn't see much of him that year. He was too busy doing postgraduate work among the proletariat of New York's Eighth and Tenth Avenue bars."

In June, 1934, Ring sailed for Europe. He spent no more than two weeks in Russia. Under his special circumstances, the drab, ill-kept capital of communism may have seemed to him the dream city of the ages, and the fearful, police-ridden way of Russian life the ideal for all men. For, it must be remembered, here was a boy who was bored with Princeton's ivy, bowed by the weight of his father's name, and desperately in need of something more rugged than campus Socialism.

It is impossible ever to know the contents of a man's mind. But it is permissible to judge by his acts. Within six months of his survey of

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the broad asphalt approaches to the Kremlin, Ring, Jr., was in Hollywood. And his opinions have not since changed.

As he finishes out his year's sentence in Danbury Prison, young Lardner symbolizes a tragedy of his times. Here is an American citizen who enjoyed advantages far beyond those which are the lot of the average young man; he came from a talented family and showed unusual talents himself; he received the best possible education and used it to acquire profitable jobs; he had every reason for following the political philosophy shared by the vast majority of American citizens. But like a few others of his generation, young Ring decided that this philosophy was not for him.

Will this country nurture more Ring Lardner, Jrs., in the future? In the light of world events, it would seem not. The younger people of today's America have already received ample proof that the rigid doctrines espoused by the left are hardly conducive to a fuller and richer life.

Conversation Stoppers

A LITTLE BOY playing in the snow was having a wonderful time on his single ski—while the rest of his companions had the usual pair. A man watching the group stopped the boy and said to him, "Sonny, you ought to have two skis!"

The boy grinned up at him. "I know I ought to have, Mister. But you can have an awful good time on one ski if you only *got* one ski." —*Swing*

IN AN ARMY HOSPITAL, a wounded soldier was cooking up a letter to his wife. A kind-hearted nurse was writing it down for him.

"The nurses here," he dictated, "are a very plain lot—"

"Oh, I say," the angel of mercy interrupted. "Don't you think that's a little unfair?"

The soldier grinned.

"Yes, I do!" he fervently declared. "But nurse, you can't imagine how happy my wife will be when she reads it!" —*Wall Street Journal*

EVEN THE BEST-NATURED among mortals occasionally loses patience with pests. Luther Burbank was among the most kindly of men and because of his extensive horticultural gardens he had many visitors constantly roaming through the place inspecting the spectacular results of his crossbreeding. Usually he paused to answer questions politely, but one day his patience wore thin at the habitual question: "Are you working on some new plant, Mr. Burbank?"

"Why, yes, I am," answered the horticulturist in all seriousness. "I'm trying to cross eggplant with milkweed."

"Oh, how interesting! What will you call the result?"

"The answer should be obvious, Madam. Custard pie." —MARY ALKUS

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The Man From *Dunkirk*

by LEONARD LYONS

In Switzerland, a noted Broadway columnist chanced upon this poignant story

I BANKED the nine-ball in the side pocket of the pool table in the Hotel du Parc, a tiny pension at Goldswill, Switzerland, which caters principally to overflow visitors from Interlaken. It wasn't a difficult shot, and at the Friars Club or the billiard academies of the lower East Side of New York where I had learned the game it would have caused no comment. But from a corner of the room in this village hotel, set in a valley of the Alps, I heard a man say:

"Bravo! Well done!"

I turned my head toward the voice, and caught a tense look of expectancy. Then the look swiftly faded. As I chalked my cue, the man continued to watch me. He was of average height and stocky, and wore a British uniform without indication of rank.

"You look surprised," I said.

"It was your mannerism," he answered apologetically. "You—the way you hunched your shoulder—to help the ball. For a moment you reminded me—of somebody else."

I asked him: "Are you regular Army?"

He shook his head and said he was with UNRRA. "This was my uniform when I was in the Army," he added. I pushed the cue gently, and the ten-ball rolled into a corner pocket.

"Where is your UNRRA base?" I asked, and he told me it was in Poland. I had never been to Poland, but I had seen the shattered cities of Germany and had met correspondents who assured me these were merry resorts compared to the rubble that had been the industrial centers of Poland.

Then I tried for the 11-ball in a side pocket, and missed. The UNRRA man sat down beside me, and I mentioned England. He asked, eagerly, if I had been there lately, for World War II was but recently ended and travel still restricted. I told him I had been in England two weeks before.

He moved closer, and asked of

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Battersea and Brighton and the villages of Hertfordshire; of Eton and Gerrard's Cross and the shows at the Lyric Theater; was Bow Church intact, and what of the pub at the Holborn Viaduct Station?

As he lit a cigarette, I noticed his fingernails were broken. I tried not to stare. "Broke them digging my way out of prison camp," he said. "I was at Dunkirk," he went on. "That's where I was taken prisoner. I dug a tunnel and escaped, but they captured me and brought me back again."

He watched my friend make the 11-ball and miss the 12. "Your turn," he said.

I missed the 12, and sat down beside him again. Then a little girl approached and nestled familiarly in his dangling arm. "Yours?" I asked, and he said no, this was the child of the doctor-member of his UNRRA team, all now vacationing in Switzerland.

He patted the girl's shoulder, and said that once he had had three children. He learned of his divorce while he was a prisoner. "A woman gets lonely, waiting," he said. "She remarried and took the children with her. I haven't been back, not since '40. Not since Dunkirk."

I suggested that perhaps he would find consolation in his new job—feeding the starving, housing the homeless and curing the ill.

"That isn't why I took the job," he said. "I'm looking for a man." He lifted his trousers and showed me the scar on his shins. "*This* man. He hated me—he hated us all. He broke my leg the night they brought me back, and wouldn't let anyone treat me or give me food or water for two days. I'll find him. Somewhere in Europe I'll find him, if it takes me ten years."

I wondered how long it would take to find a particular man among the lost and wandering millions of a shattered continent. "Do you know his name and where he lives?" I asked.

"Name? Address? He's probably changed both. But I know his face," he smiled confidently. "I'll never forget it—the way he cackled with laughter the night he came back to my cell and said: 'So you're the man who likes to dig tunnels? Why didn't you tell me? I'd have accommodated you sooner.'

"He slapped me, and kicked my leg again and shipped me off to the salt mines. I weigh 172 pounds now. I weighed 104 the day I was liberated. I hate him as much as it's possible to hate anyone or anything.

"I would not be normal if I didn't hate a foul creature who calculatingly tortured me, who sent me off to be forgotten by the world, by my wife and children. I cannot be happy until I find him. It may take years. That's why I signed for a full hitch with UNRRA."

"Have you any plans for finding him?" I asked. He smiled knowingly, then nodded towards the pool table, where my friend had missed the shot, and something began tugging for recognition in the back of my mind.

"And when you find him?"

He said flatly: "I was sent into war to kill all like him, to kill with the blessings of His Majesty and of all the free peoples of the earth. For me, this tiny bit of war remains. When I find him, I shall kill him. I know exactly how I'll kill him. And after that, no matter

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what happens then, I shall be perfectly happy."

As I leaned across the pool table of that little inn at Goldswill, I saw him pat the child's shoulder again. I studied the angle of the shot, and wondered where he would ever find his happiness—in the death of one man, in the sworn fulfillment of his job of alleviating suffering, or in the flowering of that bridled instinct for affection which I saw in his simple gesture of patting a little girl's shoulder.

I banked the 14-ball and dropped the 15 into a corner pocket.

"Bravo!" he said. "Well done!"

Then he got up stiffly and took the child's hand in his; together they walked from the room. I stood by the pool table and watched them go, and suddenly there came to mind an old line: "But hatreds die when more consuming passions come to bloom . . ."

That did it. The thing in the back of my mind clicked into place —the "tourist" in the billiard room of the Grand Hotel in Interlaken. The way he hunched his shoulder and added "body" English to shots that hung on the lip of the pocket. The cackle of laughter when he won. And particularly the hatred—the hatred of all of us in the room that surrounded him like an unclean aura.

And suddenly, the man from Dunkirk's problem became *my* problem! He was closer to his quarry than he knew. But did his salvation depend upon the successful termination of the hunt? Or was there still a chance with him that "hatreds die when more consuming passions come to bloom"?

Without reaching for my hat, I rushed outside to a taxi and muttered, "Grand Hotel . . ."

I NEVER SAW either man again. But I often wondered about the Britisher from Dunkirk. Finally, after much trouble, I checked his whereabouts with UNRRA. Gone, apparently, was his dedication to the hunt, for he had married an UNRRA nurse. And in a D.P. camp they had found and adopted three homeless waifs exactly as old as were his own children on the day he last had seen them.

Secrets of Success

Success consists of getting up just one more time than you fall.
—CALGARY *Herald*

Many a man can credit his success to the fact that he didn't have the advantages others had. —*The Wax Kasette*

A Philadelphia businessman summed up his success secret in four lines: "Early to Bed . . . Early to Rise . . . Work like Hell . . . and Advertise!" —*Executives' Digest*

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Picture Story

CORONET PRESENTS

South Pacific

Illustrated by ZDZISLAW CZERMANSKI

"South Pacific!" Since its Broadway opening, this fabulous musical has become the symbol of glamour and romance to millions. Only a comparative few have won their way through its enticing doors; others, tantalized as by a mirage, have made a career of trying to get tickets. The pictures on these pages will help to slake the thirst of the disappointed, while recalling glorious moments to the lucky. Here, then, is *South Pacific*, a miracle of the theater and a moving story of people in wartime.

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Age and background do not matter to pert Navy nurse Nellie Forbush from Arkansas (*Mary Martin*) or to graying, cultured Emile De Becque, French planter on a lush tropic isle (*Ray Middleton*). They fall in love.

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Others, however, who are not blinded by the stardust of love, foresee trouble ahead. Finally Nellie, remembering her mother's warning against older men, decides to "wash that man right out of my hair."

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Happiness, now so close, is threatened by dramatic events. Must a man risk losing the love for which he has waited so long? Emile refuses a dangerous spy mission which requires his knowledge of the terrain.

Dancing was meant for people in love. But joy gives way to disillusionment—Nellie learns of Emile's previous marriage to a Polynesian woman. Stunned, she avoids him. And Emile accepts the spy mission.

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In *South Pacific's* other romance, young Lt. Joe Cable, USMC, has fallen in love with Liat, a lovely Tonkinese girl. But here, too, the realization that they are worlds apart presents an insurmountable barrier.

Youth has its moments of pretending to be lighthearted in the face of anxiety. The dreary monotony of war needs relief, too. Nellie, in an oversized sailor suit, sings and dances gaily at a Navy amateur show.

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Two men, both hopelessly in love, can only console each other before going to face possible death in enemy territory. Emile sighs about the joys he nearly held, and Joe bitterly reflects on love and prejudice.

In wars, it is the women who sit and pine for their men to return. Nellie, realizing the perilous task that Emile has bravely undertaken, waits for news of him in the Navy radio room and prays for his safety.

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Home is where the heart is—and the returning Emile finds his two children and a mature Nellie waiting and singing together. For lonely Liat, there are tears for a Joe who will not return to fulfill their love.

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AND SO THE CURTAIN falls on *South Pacific*, on Nellie and Emile, on Joe Cable and Liat and the others, on the jokes and dances and exotic scenes. Lifted into a cloudland of romance, the audience leaves the theater, marvelous melodies still ringing in its ears. *I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy*, *There Is Nothing Like a Dame*, *This Nearly Was Mine*, *Happy Talk*, *Younger Than Springtime*, *Bali Ha'i*, and *Some Enchanted Evening*—all have become a part of our musical heritage. They are everywhere today, whistled in the streets, broadcasted, jukeboxed, danced to in ballrooms. And, apparently, they will continue to be with us for a long time, because *South Pacific*, far from approaching the end of its dazzling career, is only on the threshold of it. The authors declare that movie and television rights must await the decision of their heirs.

Adapted from the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *Tales of the South Pacific* by James Michener, the musical, with melodies by Richard Rodgers, book by Oscar Hammerstein II and Joshua Logan, was directed by Logan. It has won a Pulitzer Prize of its own—as well it might, for it has worked a revolution in the theater. Over and above its irresistible color, gaiety, and charm, it has dared to present the American people with a conception of love far removed from the ephemeral thing found in most forms of entertainment. With all its lightness, its tripping tunes and comic turns, it has managed to view romance in the grand manner, as Shakespeare, Racine, and Goethe viewed it. In *South Pacific*, love is not an adolescent pastime, but a moving experience that enriches the hearts and souls of grownup men and women.

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HONESTY by the Millions

by CLARA BELLE and WILL THOMPSON

Here, based on a nation-wide survey, is a report on the integrity of our citizens

ARE AMERICANS HONEST? Daily, the newspapers and radio give forth with stories of corruption in high places, of men who have absconded with other people's savings, of robberies, embezzlements, and shoplifting. From all directions comes the accusation that our integrity has hit a new low.

But is this the real picture? Actually, *95 per cent of all Americans can be classified as absolutely honest.* That is the figure gleaned through nation-wide reports from people who don't guess about honesty but *have to know.* People in every type of enterprise, from big banks to peanut stands; from persons on both sides of the counter who continually are meeting and dealing with Americans from every walk of life.

The story is so heartening that the cold facts themselves are almost past belief. We started with one of the biggest items of all, food—as it is handled in super-markets in a number of cities. But since the findings from one prove the findings from all, we shall limit ourselves to the experience of Walt.

Walt's store is in the sprawling suburb of a Western city. Three thousand food items are on the shelves, his customers total 250,000 a year, and his sales run to $1,500,000. Does Walt consider his customers honest? About 99 per cent, he said. And not just honest, but *militantly not dishonest.*

One recent week, a cashier had been $5 short. Monday morning a woman brought that cashier a $5 bill; she had found too much change in her purse when she reached home. Another woman came in with money for the two pounds of butter that had been in her Saturday shopping bag instead of one. A young mother brought her five-year-old son to the manager. The

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boy tearfully confessed taking some candy. Here was the 15 cents.

As we stood idly watching the cashiers, we saw a number of women customers with *outside* parcels. "Shoes," said one. Another, "Pastry from across the street." "Chicken." "Eggs." Not once did the cashier open the bag. She knew the customers were telling the truth.

But that is the retail end. What about the managers—all the Walts in charge of individual stores? Our question was put to the vice-president of a nationally known chain. *Honesty?* He couldn't recall a manager who had slipped from grace in several years. Yet all were permitted a vast amount of leeway and freedom in operating their stores.

We called on the head of the credit department in a Southern department store which has 100,000 accounts. He didn't hesitate an instant in his answer. At least 99 per cent, was his verdict. "Our entire operation, both wholesale and retail, is built on the fact that people with whom we deal are outstandingly honest."

Then he told of the woman who came in recently and handed over $6.50—the price of a sweater she had walked out with several years back. She had never been able to get the burden off her mind.

"THAT'S ALL VERY WELL," you may say. "The big stores and food chains can talk about tiny losses because they can afford them. But how about the little shops with one or two clerks?"

All right, here's a gift shop in an Eastern suburb. It could just as easily be one in Ohio or California or Texas. All say the same thing.

The shop has about 100 visitors a day, and nearly everyone buys. The biggest opportunity for dishonesty lies in breakage. People handle items; ultimately something gets broken; and more often than not, neither the manager nor his wife hears the noise. Yet almost invariably the person comes up and assumes full responsibility.

Are things taken from shelf or table? That would be simple, for these exquisite small gifts could easily be tucked away. Yet the last theft, a minor one, occurred two years ago.

But still you protest. People may be honest enough in their own neighborhoods and among persons they know, but what about when they are traveling, or away from home on vacation?

We stopped at the yellow house on Route 30 where the sign says "Tourists." The landlady's story is brief. Nine rooms to let, filled nearly every night; $2 for a single room, $3 for a double. You can pay in advance or in the morning before you leave.

Three times last year, people skipped before she got up. One, a young couple, phoned from the restaurant where they were eating breakfast. They had just forgotten. Their check came in the next mail.

A man wrote four months later, enclosing two dollars. He had been broke, he said, but here was the money. The third person just vanished. However, the landlady considers such dishonesty a rarity.

A YWCA manager in a residence club for girls emphatically agrees. The club is located in a large Midwest city, and houses 300 a night, of whom 175 are permanent. The

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latter pay from $8.50 to $16.50 a week for room and board, depending on earnings.

Packages come C.O.D. and the girl has forgotten to leave the money. Girls put through long-distance calls, later find they haven't the coins for overcharge. There is quite a desk business in ten-cent candy, and frequently a girl has only a nickel. In all these cases, our friend dips into her purse to make up the change. And never once, in her five years' experience, has the girl failed to repay.

The manager of a luxury hotel agreed wholeheartedly with the YWCA worker on honesty. Out of 20,000 guests a month, the average would not be more than three skippers—two who had just stayed overnight, the third who slipped out at the end of six days before the weekly bill was tendered. Moreover, this hotel cashed checks totaling $250,000 last year. And the loss for the year was less than $400.

BUT WHAT OF HONESTY in private, where only the individual himself need ever know? We called at the Lost and Found department of a big-city traction company. Some 40,000 items were brought in last year, mostly umbrellas, gloves and pocketbooks. But the greatest number consisted of *wrapped* parcels, in which the finder didn't know what the package contained.

At the central offices of a taxicab company we learned that lost property is turned in by car drivers and garage attendants more than 99 per cent of the time. Some 12,000 items were brought into the office last year and more than $11,000 in cash. About $1,700 of this sum had been loose money, picked up from the floor of the cab.

All over the country, at various street corners, are piles of newspapers and little saucers or boxes to receive the money. Day in and day out, people pick up their papers, pay for them, and walk off. Secret honesty, private honesty? The verdict is highly favorable.

Should we look for signs of "our degenerate times" among the people who asked for large bank advances? "Certainly not here," replied the secretary of a large mortgage company which handled 1,000 loans last year. "When prospective borrowers answer our questions, we get the truth 99 times out of 100."

The vice-president of a restaurant chain which served 87,000,000 customers last year in its 45 restaurants and 30 retail stores, gave everyone a clean bill of health. Managers, 100 per cent honest; employees, 99 per cent; customers, 99 per cent. "In a business such as ours, the opportunity to get away with something is broad. But we have so few attempts that we marvel constantly."

Everywhere we went, the story was the same. Near Wilmington, Delaware, a florist has a wayside stand. A motorist stopped to buy peonies. The plant seller told him: "There are some fine ones down there. Help yourself, and let me know how many you take." The man made his selection. "Put them in your car and tell me what you owe me. It's all right."

In a neighboring state, a Pennsylvania woman publishes a series of small books on arts and crafts, which retail from $1 to $3.50. Most of her orders are small; the books are sent with bill enclosed. Sales to

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date, 75,000; losses to date, one.

At last, we took our quest to the back door of the average housewife. Here, we thought, the tradesmen of goods and services would know about American integrity. We asked a laundryman first.

He has a home-linen service, much like the towel service in office buildings and beauty parlors. He picks up the wrapped bundle of soiled linen and leaves fresh, every other week. From 700 homes, how many towels were missing the last six months? *None*. "There was one woman. . . ." But he couldn't decide whether she had lost the missing pillow slip or kept it.

The milkman's picture—duplicated a dozen different times. "My customers know I would have to pay for any missing items in their standing orders. I don't find anyone who wants me to lose money."

Of course, not all Americans are honest. But out of 150,000,000 people, the dishonest comprise only a tiny minority. So the next time you hear someone say that Americans are not honest, or are less honest than they used to be, don't let that statement stand. Just the reverse is true. And by emphasizing and publicizing the fact, you will be doing yourself, and your fellow-countrymen, a refreshingly good turn.

Hat Show

LARRY, GOING ON four years, was in the first throes of the cowboy period. A brace of six guns—home-carved of apple-box ends—rode his jean-clad hips. A frayed length of red silk scarf was the bandanna protecting his neck. Now the important lack, as Mother had been informed repeatedly and eloquently, was a proper hat.

Money being a commodity not easily come by, Mother did what she could with what had been Dad's old brown-felt work hat. Larry considered it critically in the mirror.

Perhaps this hat, with its patina of sweat, weather, and years, was only a pallid substitute for the assembly-line beauties the other kids sported. Mother could not be sure from Larry's unusually sober expression. A son going on four is often beyond fathom.

With a sudden slap of hand to seat now, an urgent clicking of tongue, and the hopping motion of a cowboy aboard his trusty horse, Larry galloped from the house. In perhaps 15 minutes, rider and horse clattered in again.

"Have a good ride, pardner?" Mother asked.

"Yep."

"Where to?"

"Church."

Saint Patrick's was about a block distant and always open so that anyone might drop in for a visit amid spiritual serenity and quiet. Imagining the distraction her cowboy's entrance must have created, Mother said, "You rode in God's house?"

"Oh no, we always walk in His place." Larry was silent a moment in childhood's world. "Today, I showed Him my hat."

—J. W. PELKIE (*Western Family*)

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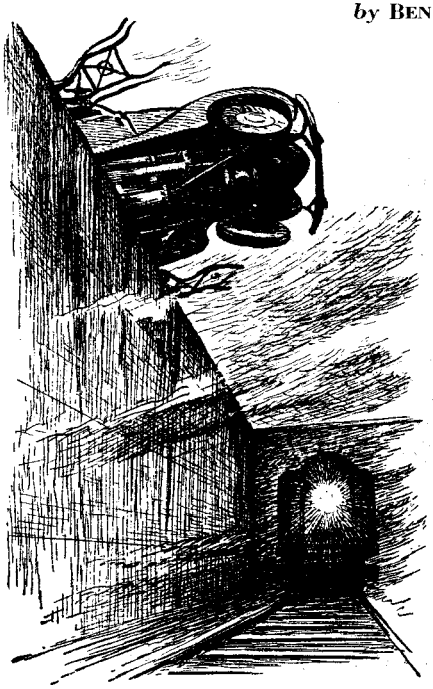
When Luck Was Driving

by BEN NELSON



IT HAPPENED to William DeLorenzo on a New York City street one drizzly September evening in 1938.

As young DeLorenzo explained it afterward, he was driving along Upper Park Avenue where it parallels the cut carrying the tracks of the New York Central Railroad. Suddenly the car in front of him braked and turned sharply.

A collision seemed inevitable, and with visions of shattered glass slashing the pretty girl beside him, DeLorenzo swung the wheel desperately. The car skidded drunkenly on the slick pavement. As it mounted the curb out of control, his vision was replaced by an even grimmer reality. Ahead, across the narrow sidewalk, only an iron rail stood between them and a 15-foot drop to the tracks below.

In the grim split-second before the car fell, he was aware that the rails were brightly lighted by an onrushing train. The car hung for an instant above the yawning cut, and DeLorenzo shut his eyes.

But instead of a sickening drop there was a great rushing noise and a jarring impact. The two young people were flung about like rag dolls in a washing machine. There was another rending crash, then blessed rest.

Groggily DeLorenzo opened his eyes. He was still at the wheel, and the car was right side up on the sidewalk, its front badly smashed. Beside him sat his companion, dazed but unhurt. He could see a policeman running toward them, and on up the cut, a passenger train was grinding to a stop.

The incredible had happened to William DeLorenzo. Instead of plunging to the tracks to be demolished by the locomotive, his car had landed upright against the top of the train at the moment it passed just below the level of the sidewalk —and had been miraculously tossed back, like a rubber ball bounced in the Hand of Fate!

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SCIENCE FINDS

"THE HUMAN SOUL"

by ANNE FROMER

Startling experiments are lifting a mysterious veil and confounding the skeptics

FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES, man has been preoccupied with the mystery of what he calls his soul. A spiritual essence, he was sure, lay hidden somewhere within the perishable shell of the flesh—and the world's great religions and philosophies have combined to assure him that this was so.

But, since the soul eluded measurement, since it was something that could only be believed in, skeptics have found it hard to banish from their minds a lurking doubt. If there was a soul, *where* was it? What was it like?

Now, at last, this age-old shadow has begun to lift. Just recently, in one of the chief neurological centers of this continent, surgeons have been engaged in fascinating explorations of the human brain. With instruments of surpassing delicacy, they have charted the brain's area, and one by one they have revealed its miraculous functions. Finally, to their own great amazement, they stumbled on something which seems to throw new light on the awesome secret of the soul!

How did this astonishing discovery come about? What led up to it? By way of answer, let us glance at a typical case from the files of the Neurological Institute of Montreal, Canada. The patient, an attractive, 26-year-old schoolteacher, had been a natural leader, capable and self-reliant. But when she arrived at the hospital she was frightened and uncertain of herself. Three years before, she had begun to have a terrifying dream—a black shape that arose out of darkness and turned into a man who threatened her.

It left her shaking and sick. Every few nights she would have it again. Finally it began to come in the daytime, and each time was followed by loss of consciousness and convulsions that racked her body.

"Was there any basis for this dream?" the doctor asked. "Were you at any time frightened by such a person?"

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"Yes, as a child," the woman said. "I was on my way home in the dark. Suddenly a man appeared from nowhere and yelled at me. I ran home screaming."

The doctors made some readings with that remarkable instrument, the electro-encephalograph, which records brain waves. These minute electrical impulses registered as normal over most of the woman's head. But, just above the ear, the pattern became wild. That suggested the possibility of a tumor, the doctors thought, but X rays failed to reveal anything of the kind.

"There must be something there that is causing pressure," they told the woman. "We would like to operate and see if we can locate the trouble."

A few days later she was in the operating room. Grouped about her, the surgeons were playing detectives. Somewhere among her memories was the hidden criminal who had risen out of the past to threaten her. If she was to have peace, this hoodlum would have to be disposed of, and all the detectives knew about him was the general location of his hideaway deep in her mind.

Using local anesthetic, the surgeons opened up the right side of her skull; the brain lay exposed. Meanwhile, the conscious teacher suffered not at all, since the brain itself can feel no pain.

The surgeon began his pursuit of the criminal by touching a point near the center of the cerebral cortex, or gray matter, with a blunt electric needle carrying a gentle current. At the touch, the patient bent her left arm.

"Why have you done that?" the doctor asked the woman gently.

"I had to," she said.

"You did it again," said the doctor.

"I know—but I didn't want to; it must be something you're making me do."

When the electrode was moved a short distance away, the teacher said, "Now I hear a strange humming sound, like a motorboat crossing a lake." This was the area of hearing. And a moment later, contact with a point near the back of her head produced images of vividly colored shooting stars—here was the area of vision.

WITH THESE POINTS mapped out, the doctors moved to a place just above the ear—the temporal lobe. This, they had discovered, was the center where memories and dreams are stored.

"Why, that's strange," said the teacher. "I just saw my mother and brothers. They are all in the room together and are talking angrily."

"What are they saying?"

"They're saying I've done something wrong. That's funny. I'm just a little girl again, and my mother and brothers are much younger than they really are today. Now some other people are coming into the room—"

The surgeon removed the needle. "Go ahead," he said.

"There's nothing more."

He brought the needle down at another point. She cried out, "There he is now! That man! A shadowy figure is rising out of blackness! He is crouching! I feel frightened."

"Is that the same dream you have before your attacks?"

"Yes! Yes! It always goes like

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that!" the patient cried in reply.

So the criminal had been found in his lair. All that remained now was to get rid of him.

The surgeon motioned to an assistant and pointed to the spot he had just touched. On it was a small, jagged scar. This was causing the woman's trouble. The scar's pressure on the "memory spot" had served as a constant, if unconscious, stimulus to that particular memory, causing it to recur again and again. With specially designed instruments, the surgeon removed the scar and then the flap of her cranium was sewn back in place.

Two weeks later the teacher left the hospital, cured of her attacks. To her, the cure seemed miraculous. The surgeons, too, were aware of having participated in a discovery—but their view of it was different from hers. To them, the important thing was not the tracking down of her trouble. After performing hundreds of similar feats, they had come to regard them as almost routine. But there was one aspect of this operation, and of others like it, which took them beyond the mind's physical frontiers.

The key lay in a remark she had made while lying on the operating table. "I know," she had said when the needle made her move her arm, "but I didn't want to; it must be something you're making me do."

This seemingly trivial statement meant that somewhere in the woman's skull there dwelt a will, a self-awareness, wholly out of reach of their instruments. They could not affect it; and more important, they knew enough about the geography of the brain to realize that this will, this self-awareness, was not associated with any one portion of it.

Somewhere, somehow, a human being dwells apart from his own brain, even from his own thoughts. And this consciousness above consciousness, which enabled the teacher to say "I didn't want to"—this appears to be the "human soul."

To the Montreal surgeons, this mysterious quality is simply a "spiritual element." And to understand why they feel this way, you must first understand a little about the nature of the work they are doing. Although the Institute reports many remarkable cures, its main purpose has been to find out how the brain works and to develop revolutionary methods of treating its diseases and those of the nervous system.

The Montreal doctors were the first to learn that memories and dreams can be made to reappear by an electrical stimulus. They are credited with making precise maps of the human cortex, and with pioneering in advanced techniques of brain exploration and surgery now used in other institutions.

These explorations take place in the Institute building on the slopes of McGill University campus. The actual brain-mapping is done in the main operating amphitheater. To this center come patients from all over the world, referred by their own doctors because they represent unusual or difficult cases. All have one thing in common: injuries or pressures on the brain or on other parts of the nervous system.

When the patient is wheeled into the operating theater, fully conscious, he is surprised to find himself not in the usual gleaming white room. Here the floors are black,

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the walls green, and doctors and nurses wear green gowns—to reduce glare on the surgeon's eyes during a lengthy operation. Overhead is a glass canopy, beyond it a glassed-in amphitheater for the accommodation of visiting physicians who have made pilgrimages to this mecca of brain research.

As the patient lies on his side, his head shaved, the surgeon exposes the brain. Next step is to create a "road map" of the key areas. By applying direct electrical stimulation, the doctor is able to manipulate the brain from outside, making each area announce its function by means of the physical effect it produces.

The technique works because our brain and nervous system operate like a telephone switchboard—by means of electrical impulses. The surgeon, as it were, by-passes the operator, reaching over her shoulder and plugging in whatever calls he wishes to complete. But the operator is not eliminated; she remains at the switchboard, aware of what is going on, although powerless for the moment to prevent it.

The surgeon knows when his electrode has touched the area of sight, because the patient suddenly sees things which are not there. "A long white star just came down into the room," said one patient. "I see dancing lights," and "I see a black wheel, turning around, and now it's changing into colored discs," were comments of others.

As the surgeon continues probing, he maps areas which control movement. Touching one point makes the patient stretch his toes; another makes him bend his knee. Although he makes these motions automatically, the patient, as in the case of the woman teacher, is never deceived into believing that he is making them because he wants to. He cannot, for instance, stop his left arm from moving by will power, when the surgeon stimulates the proper area.

One day the electrode was placed in a hitherto unexplored area, near the zone of movement. The patient, a man in his thirties, said, "Oooh!"

"What made you say that?" the doctor asked.

"I don't know. It just had to come out."

The stimulus was applied again. "Oooho! Oooho!" repeated the patient. Even when he made a conscious effort not to speak, he had to make the sound whenever the spot was stimulated. For the first time, the area of vocalization had been found.

However, it is the dream and memory areas which produce the most dramatic results. One young woman said, "I see Fordham Square in New York," her home town. She went on: "I'm riding in a car with my father. The street is filled with express trucks."

An elderly man saw a hunting trip and relived vivid memories of an accident in which his brother had been accidentally shot.

A woman said, "I see people in this world, and in the other world, too." She meant that she saw imaginary people in her dreams, as well as the actual doctors around her in the room.

An engineer saw a scene in a Mexican village, which he had visited as a child. When the doctors started to question him, he said, "Wait a minute, I want to see how

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this comes out." After a moment he described in detail a conversation his father had had with a farmer in the market place.

One woman beheld herself giving birth to a child, almost as if the scene were a movie screen. She could see her own eyes, trying to open; could hear the slap with which the obstetrician started the infant breathing, followed by the newborn's forlorn wail. The birth of the baby had actually taken place several years before.

A REMARKABLE THING about the memory areas is that they carry not only a visual record of experiences, but an auditory record, too. The effect is like that of a sound movie. Moreover, all sensations are remembered in connection with a single event: the smell of flowers, the patter of rain, and so on.

This was shown dramatically when the doctors started a dream in the brain of a 16-year-old girl. "I'm a child again. I've been in this room before," she said. "There is beautiful music. Somebody is singing. It's my mother. She's singing 'Hushaby, my baby.' Don't you hear it?" Sounds, visions, emotions —all were blended in a single memory record.

Why this should be so was a puzzling phenomenon which the Montreal doctors set out to solve. They knew that various sensations and emotions originated in specific and widely separated parts of the cortex; thought processes were centered in still another area. How was it that their records were all preserved, simultaneously, in still another part of the brain?

Obviously, there must be, somewhere, a master mixing panel, where these diverse feelings and thoughts were blended and rerouted to the memory zone.

The ultimate discovery of this co-ordinating center ranks with that of the spiritual element. For here was the long-sought head office of the mind—the actual seat of consciousness, which makes us act like human beings.

It was found in what is known as the upper brain stem—an area between the upper reaches of the spinal cord and the cortex or gray matter. Embracing the thalmus and some smaller brain organs adjoining it, it has been named the "central reticular co-ordinating system." It is the one indispensable part of the brain. Like a business executive, it gives orders, acting always in conjunction with some other area of the cortex.

But all other marvels of the Neurological Institute grow pale beside the marvel of its discovery that, when everything about the brain (including all its physical and mental associations) has been explained and explored, something inexplicable remains. The surgeon can make the patient move, hear, see, have sensations and even dream dreams. But the patient never believes that he does these things of his own accord.

He has dreams but he knows they are only dreams. He is fully aware he is in the operating room. The human mind, in other words, seems to stand to one side as an observer and watch these actions take place, as if they were occurring in another person.

The doctor can force the patient to lift his arm, but he cannot make

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the patient *will* to do it. In other words, the surgeon, although he now can probe into the brain's deepest recesses, still cannot manipulate the human mind. Nor can any outside stimulus influence that remarkable faculty known as human will power.

In this way, scientists have begun the discovery of the physical basis of the mind—the "seat of the soul," if you like. But their work, significant as it is, does not explain the nature of the elusive spirit that seems to dwell there.

"What we have done," say the Institute scientists, "is to find out a little more about the switchboard. But let us not forget that there may be a switchboard operator."

These scientists, who have been confronted in their work by this Presence, call it simply "a spiritual element." And they add: "Perhaps we will always have to visualize something, beyond our reach and beyond our comprehension, which is capable of controlling the mechanism of the human brain."

The author and editors acknowledge with thanks the help of the following scientists who were consulted in the preparation of this article: Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute; Dr. Herbert H. Jasper, neurophysiologist and a pioneer in the field of electro-encephalography; Dr. Donald McEachern and Dr. K. A. C. Elliott, known for their work in the chemistry of the nervous system; Dr. Francis McNaughton, who is directing research into a more detailed knowledge of the anatomy of the brain; and Dr. Roy Swank, who is studying the effects of diet on certain nervous disorders.

Acid Assertions

When a wife says she has a lot of things she wants to talk about, she usually wants to talk about a lot of things she hasn't got.
—WALTER WERTH

My husband shares all his troubles with me, but keeps everything else to himself. —*Answers*

Modern young men are not so concerned with a girl's family tree as with the shape of the limbs thereon. —*Wall St. Journal*

Thank heaven this is still a free country where a man can do as his wife pleases! —*Wireco Life*

One of the first things a woman notices about a man is whether or not he notices her. —DESSIE CORNWELL

A wife can make or break her husband. Some do both.
—H. V. PROCHNOW, *The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest* (Harper & Bros.)

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GRIN AND

THE APARTMENT-HOUSE neighbors met in the lobby on their way to work. "I say, old chap," one said reproachfully, "didn't you hear us knocking on the wall last night?"

"Oh, that's all right," replied the other cheerfully. "We were making quite a bit of noise ourselves."

—*Tit-Bits*

A WITNESS was being questioned in court as to a shot that had been fired.

"Did you see the shot fired?"

"No," she said, "but I heard it."

"That is not sufficient. Step down from the stand."

As the witness left the stand, she looked at the jury and laughed. The judge reprimanded her and fined her for contempt of court.

"Did you see me laugh, your Honor?" she asked.

"No, but I heard you."

"That is not sufficient, your Honor."

The fine was canceled.

—FRANCES RODMAN

POOR OLD DANIEL had a large family of children and grandchildren to support, which often proved a burden almost too much for him to bear. At such times it was his custom to pour out his troubles in prayer. One evening, more harassed than usual, he cried: "Oh Lord, I guess You better send dem golden angels to take poor old Dan'l home out of dis wicked, wicked world!"

A friend passing the open window of the cabin heard the words and, thinking to play a joke on Daniel, rapped on the door.

"Who dar?" Daniel called.

"The golden angels," replied the friend in a low, gentle voice, "come to take poor old Daniel out of this wicked world."

There was a moment of complete silence, then from inside came brightly: "Old Dan'l don't live here no more—he done move down the street a couple of blocks."

—THE REV. JACK HOLSO

THERE IS A certain small community which boasts it is the home of three former governors. This fact is proudly proclaimed on large billboards placed strategically on main thoroughfares entering the town. In small letters is the added note:

"We Also Have Natural Gas."

—HENRY F. SCHRICKER (*Quote*)

COMING BACK from Lake Success, the bus was crowded with clubwomen who had spent the day observing the United Nations in action. Talk centered chiefly around

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SHARE IT

the well-attended meeting of one of the commissions, and most comments concerned the ability and charm of the lady who had presided as chairman.

A lull in the general buzz permitted all to hear a well-modulated British voice ask, "Oh, was that the Mrs. Roosevelt who lost her husband a few years ago?" —DOROTHY BAILEY

HOWARD COULD NOT understand why his friend, George, had discharged his beautiful new secretary, and said as much.

"She couldn't spell 'cat'," George explained. "Every time I tried to dictate a letter she kept interrupting to ask how to spell this word and that!"

"And you mean to say you couldn't stand a few little interruptions?" Howard demanded.

George grinned. "Oh, I could endure the interruptions," he replied, "but I didn't have time to look up all those words!"

A YANK PATROL was crouched in a Korean rice paddy when an enemy shell landed near-by, splattering them with mud and rice.

"We're in a tight spot here!" somebody exclaimed.

"Brother," growled the sergeant who'd twice been married and divorced, "you're always in a tight spot when they start showerin' you with rice!" —*Wall Street Journal*

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND it, Jones," said the puzzled office manager to his clerk. "Here you have a wife and four children, yet you drive a snappy convertible and own a beautiful new home. How do you do it on $30 a week?"

"Oh, that's easy," said the clerk breezily. "There are 500 of us employed in this factory—and every week I raffle off my wages at 50 cents a chance." —WESCO *Carolinian*

THE PROPRIETOR of Miami Beach's Roney Plaza Hotel almost wore out his finger pushing an elevator button. When the lift finally arrived, the boss said to the boy: "Where *were* you?"

"Where," was the sensible retort, "can you go in an elevator?"

—WALTER WINCHELL

Why not be a contributor to "Grin and Share It?" It's easy, it's fun, and it's profitable! Just send along that funny story you heard or read, telling us its source—newspaper, magazine, radio program. Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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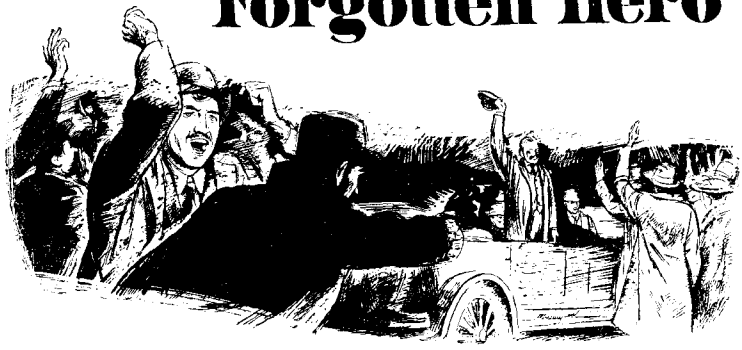
Chicago's Forgotten Hero



by MILTON GOLIN

Frank Bukovsky got no medal for his courage in 1912, yet he feels amply rewarded

FRANK BUKOVSKY ran all the way up the three flights of stairs to his flat to show his wife the newspaper headline:

"Marie, look! It says, 'T.R. in Milwaukee Auditorium Tonight.' "

Marie had not yet learned to read English, so she could not tell what the headline meant.

"T.R.—that's Teddy Roosevelt," said Frank. He went to a rickety bureau and fished out a document. "See, the same name as on the paper I got six years ago when I came to America. 'President Theodore Roosevelt.' I must go to see him tonight. I'll eat when I come back."

Marie Bukovsky put the children to bed, wondering what it was like to stand near a great man like Theodore Roosevelt. Frank knew what it was like—nothing at all like in native Bohemia, where soldiers with rifles guarded the emperor in the passing coach. Here, on the evening of October 14, 1912, the great man with the mustache who had let Frank enter this country was walking through the Milwaukee crowd as if they were all his friends.

Frank was downtown early, outside the Gilpatrick Hotel. He could almost touch the car which was to take Teddy from the hotel to the auditorium a few blocks away, where several thousand people were waiting for him.

Now—he was coming out of the hotel. Frank cheered with the rest. The former President stepped into the car and stood in the back seat. He grinned and waved his wide-brimmed black slouch hat to the smiling crowd.

It was then that Frank Bukovsky noticed the wild-eyed man standing next to him. Suddenly the man reached inside his coat and pulled a revolver. The next moment he was taking aim at Roosevelt's heart —a heart only seven feet away. As the gun went off with a roar, Frank

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slammed his hand against the man's right arm. Then he knocked him to the ground so there would be no more shooting.

"Kill him! Kill him!" Frank shouted in English. Then he added in Bohemian: "Kill this crazy man! He shot our great Roosevelt."

The shocked crowd understood only the American words. They thought that Frank, the curly-haired man with the foreign accent, was trying to kill Roosevelt. Some of them piled onto Frank and the gunman. A policeman swung his club on Frank's head. His clothes ripped, his hat smashed, Bukovsky tore himself away and ran home. Marie listened as he blurted out his amazing story.

Next morning, he read the newspapers. His name was not mentioned. The paper said that Elbert Martin, Roosevelt's secretary, had saved the President's life by snatching the gun from the assassin, John Flammang Schrank. The paper also said a man in the crowd had hit Schrank's arm so that the bullet, instead of entering Roosevelt's heart, struck him in the right side of the chest, first passing through the 100 pages of his speech.

Roosevelt, shocked and bleeding, made the speech anyway. Later, at the hospital, he remarked:

"It takes more than one bullet to kill a Bull Moose."

Three weeks later, Frank Bukovsky voted in his first Presidential election—for Theodore Roosevelt, the "Bull Moose" candidate. He was not perturbed when Woodrow Wilson won. That was Democracy.

Years went by, and Frank's family increased. He saved his money. His idol, Teddy Roosevelt, died. Together with his wife, his three daughters, and a son, Frank Bukovsky went to Chicago, where he bought a bakery on the southwest side. Here there were neighbors from old Bohemia.

Frank often chatted with a special neighbor—Anton J. Cermak, Mayor of Chicago and a lover of Frank's pastries. Until this time, the story of Frank's role in the Roosevelt shooting had been told only in the Bukovsky family circle. But to Anton, the Mayor, Frank told all. Cermak listened and smiled.

Frank never could tell whether the Mayor believed him, but he used to say: "Well, I would do the same if the chance came."

One day in 1933, the news wires crackled with the story of how Cermak stopped with his body an assassin's bullet aimed at another Roosevelt—F.D.R., President-elect. Dying, Mayor Cermak muttered to Roosevelt: "I'm glad it was me instead of you."

THE BUKOVSKYS lost everything in the Depression—the bakery, the home, the bank account—more than $40,000 saved over many years. They lost everything but their spirit and their faith in their adopted country.

"Our children must go to high school, and then to college maybe," Frank and Marie agreed. But for a long while Frank could not find steady employment. Marie helped out by working in restaurants, kitchens, hotels—wherever she could do a job and earn some money.

In 1943, Frank read in the newspapers that John Schrank had died in a Wisconsin asylum. And the story of the attempted assassination

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was revived. A newspaper revealed that Frank Bukovsky had been written up in an old history book as the man who really saved Theodore Roosevelt's life. The book mentioned half a dozen people who actually saw how Frank upset Schrank's aim. But the newspaper also said that Frank could not be found—that he was probably dead.

Frank Bukovsky turned the page. His white mustache shimmered as he mused. He was not seeking any notoriety . . .

Today, at 63, he still works nights in Zeman's bakery on West 26th Street in Chicago. New friends listen to the story of what Frank did that October night 39 years ago. When he is through telling it, the friends ask:

"No medal, Frank? No reward?"

No; no medal, no reward.

"Not even a letter—a note from somebody in the Roosevelt family?"

No, not even a letter; nothing.

Then Frank points to the pictures of his four children on the wall of his flat on South Avers Avenue:

"This is Frances," he says, "my youngest daughter. She graduated from a nurses' school, became a train stewardess, married a conductor, and went to live in Arizona.

"Here is my Marie, she went to college, the University of Illinois, graduated as a pharmacist, married, and went to live in California.

"This one is Elizabeth. She became a bookkeeper, married, and also made her home in Arizona.

"And here is my boy, Joseph. He went to college, married, went to war, and stayed overseas three years. He came back a major.

"Reward did you say? . . . Do I need any greater reward than my four children—all of them educated, successful, happy? Me, a poor immigrant from Bohemia?"

A Place for Everything

STORIES ABOUT the charm, complete honesty, and utter unworldliness of George Washington Carver keep coming to light. One of the best concerns a group of admirers who persisted in trying to get the great scientist to accept a token of their esteem. They badgered him relentlessly until one day he admitted that he had always hoped to own a diamond. A beautiful stone was ordered, magnificently set in platinum, and with great ceremony presented to Dr. Carver.

Not long after, noticing that the ring was never worn, one of the donors asked if it was perhaps too ornate, and was he displeased.

"Not at all," replied the doctor, "why I use it all the time. Come with me and I'll show you."

Leading the way into his classroom, Dr. Carver proudly pointed to an exhibition case. There, alongside the other minerals his pupils were studying, lay the diamond ring.

—ARTHUR RICHMOND

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Picture Story

Photographs by MARTHA HOLMES

FIFTH AVENUE is more than just a way from place to place —it is a whole way of life. Perhaps that is why New Yorkers, usually so blasé about their city's wonders, are as impressed as small-towners are by this famous thoroughfare. Boasting the unparalleled magnificence of Rockefeller Center, the most wealth, the tallest buildings and smartest shops and shoppers of any street anywhere, it flatters the eye and overawes the mind. Even in the rain it glitters, and a stroll along it in the sun affords a preview of the Millennium.

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A little more than seven miles long, beginning in a park and ending in a river, Fifth Avenue bisects the city, marks the meeting of fashionable East and commercial West. As you gaze down on it at night from the Empire State Building's observation tower, you are struck by the tininess of man, his enormous industry, and the splendor of his dreams.

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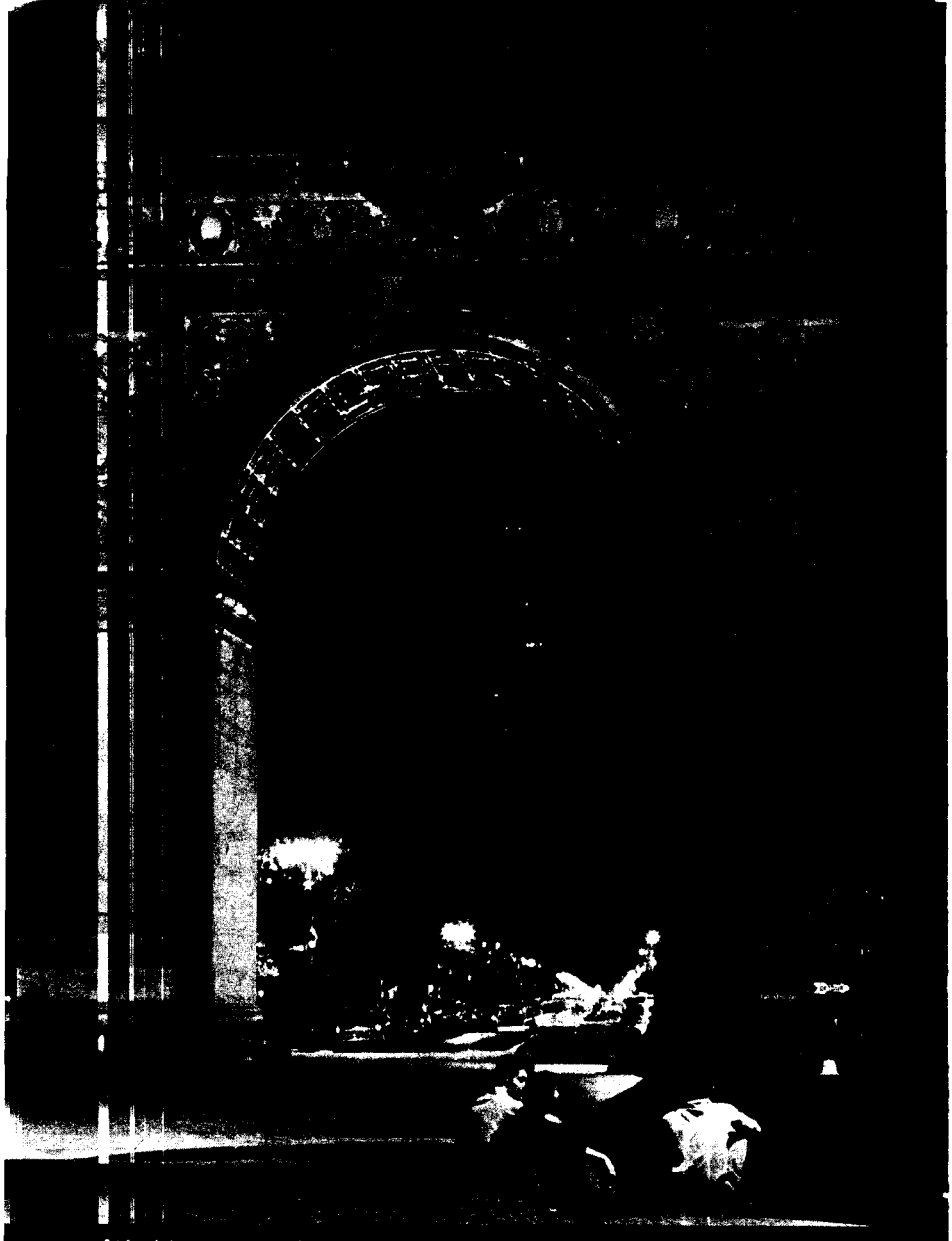

Washington Arch, memorializing the nation's first President, starts Fifth Avenue on its triumphal uptown progress. Designed by Stanford White, whose talented hand ennobled so much American architecture, it was completed in 1895 and struck a keynote of dignity, which the Avenue's subsequent development has richly sustained and orchestrated.

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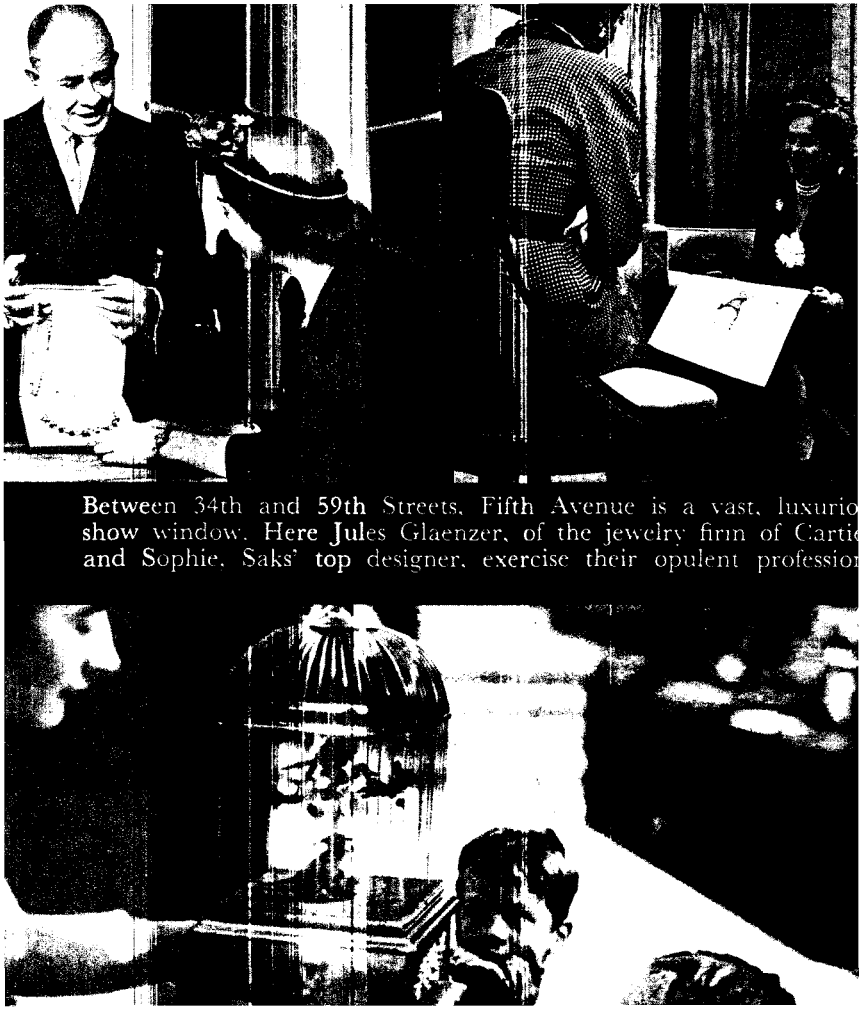

Between 34th and 59th Streets, Fifth Avenue is a vast, luxurio
show window. Here Jules Glaenzer, of the jewelry firm of Carti
and Sophie, Saks' top designer, exercise their opulent professio

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Eva Gabor, actress and a current toast-of-the-town, lives appropriately in a penthouse on Fifth Avenue.

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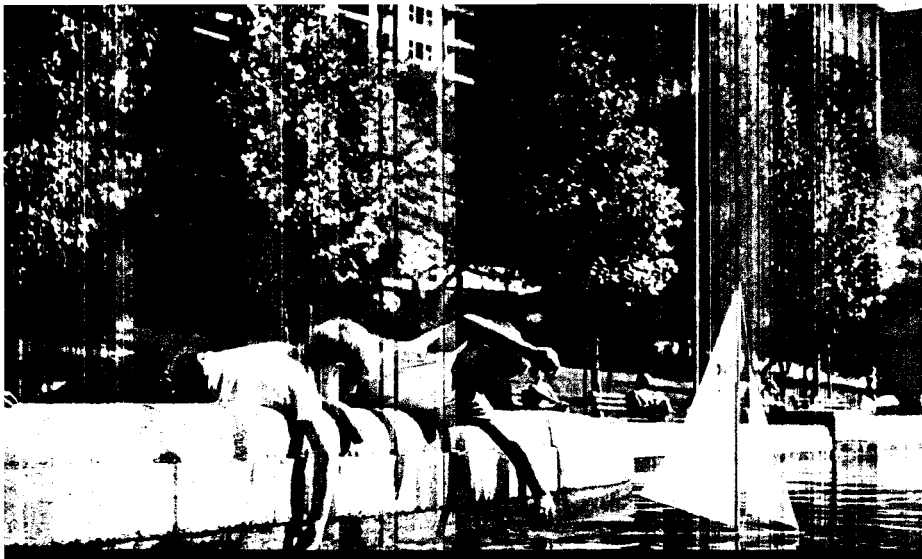

It is as difficult to imagine Fifth Avenue without Central Park as a maharaja without jewels. Yet the Park does more than adorn. It also serves as a playground, a sanctuary, a lovers' trysting place.

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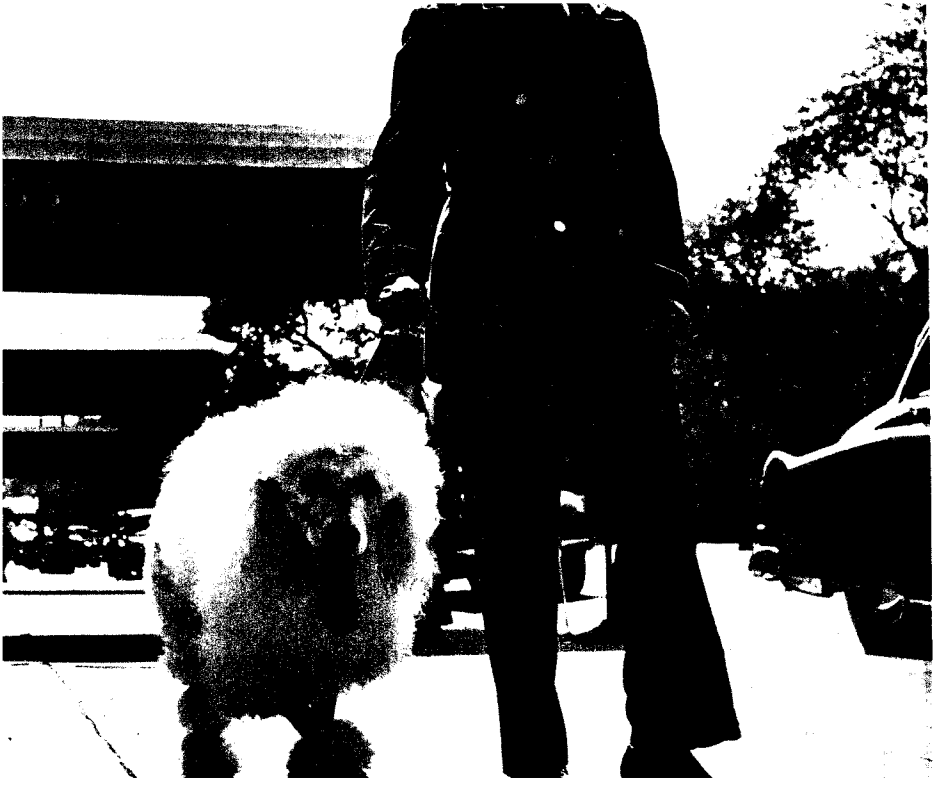

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Europe's Ghost Train: The Orient Express

by J. B. S. HALPER

In its legendary cars, anything can happen—from a harmless flirtation to murder

EVERY NIGHT, soon after the big clock over the Seine strikes ten, the train doors are closed, the red-velvet curtains are pulled shut, and the Orient Express slips noiselessly out of a fog-shrouded Paris station. It has been doing this since the nights when Paris was gaslit, long before the turn of the century. Today the same train, a little older and perhaps a little changed, is a ghost on wheels as it continues to traverse a Continent whose spirit is only that of past memories.

In the past half-century, the Orient Express has been the scene of more intrigue and espionage, more suave jewel thieving, more murder than any train in history, including the Trans-Siberian.

The Orient Express made its debut in 1883, when it was inaugurated as the world's first truly international train. There are actually three separate trains—all known as the Orient Express. One, the Arlberg, starts from Paris and winds through Central Europe, through the Iron Curtain to Budapest and Bucharest. The second, and more renowned, is the Simplon, which leaves from Milan on its long roll to Istanbul. The third train goes through Germany to Prague and Warsaw, and then on to meet its sister train in Belgrade or Bucharest.

What has made the Orient Express part of the undying legend of Europe is not its resplendent rolling stock or its impeccable service, but its passengers. Seventeen

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years before the turn of the century, the Express was carrying some of the most unusual, and the most celebrated, people on the Continent—from sultans to munitions salesmen.

The private royal car attached to the train was used so often before World War I that it paid for itself after three years of service. No one was ever permitted to enter the closed coach except the *chef de train* and selected waiters.

When King Carol of Rumania used the car, he made sure that his famed mistress (now his wife), Madame Lupescu, was in another compartment to avoid scandal. Sir Basil Zaharoff, famed munitions magnate, on one run was reported to have sold a Bulgarian government agent millions of dollars' worth of arms. Then, before the train reached London, Zaharoff sold an equal amount to a Yugoslav purchaser by telling him that Bulgaria had already bought.

One of the most unusual Express customers was a mid-Eastern potentate who, during the middle 1920s, hired a whole wagon-lits coach of 24 berths for his party. Gossip had spread through the train that he had a priceless collection of rugs to sell in Paris, while other rumors said he carried Oriental jewels.

But when the headwaiter, with pent-up curiosity, finally entered the closed car, he discovered that the potentate had taken a harem of nine women with him. The headwaiter was even more pleased when he noted they were wrapped only in chiffon.

"They were not Turkish, Indian, or Arabic women," he said. "I think they must have come from the Folies-Bergère."

Though crowned heads, film stars, noted authors, and foreign ministers gave the train its prestige, its glamour came from quite another source. Stories of plot-heavy Balkan spies, of thieves fleeing in the night from the French Sûreté, and of the tragicomedy of train-side romances are legion.

The stock in trade has been the *femme fatale*, sleekly gowned in black, bedecked in jewels, with veil lifted only enough to allow the passage of a gold cigarette holder to her lips. Although examples of this type almost disappeared after the fall of the Hapsburg dynasty, they can still be found seated behind the curtained compartment windows, between Budapest and Vienna and Paris.

One of these, a Rumanian baroness, used to board the Express each month in order to meet rich industrialists. Encountering them "accidentally" in the dining car, she was able to draw a pension from each of them for months to come. According to one headwaiter, the train has been a happy hunting ground for fortune huntresses and prosperous businessmen since he started to work for the Express—and that was in 1909.

"Usually both find what they're looking for," he says with an air of propriety. "Few seasoned travelers are taken by surprise."

Only slightly less prominent than the multishaded love affairs have been the crime episodes. One rainy day in 1931, as the train swept into a tunnel near Linz, a sharp cry was heard. When the train reentered daylight, a compartment

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door was open and one of the passengers, a quiet little Belgian, had disappeared. Inside sat two bearded men with monocles and pigskin gloves. Beside them sat two pale-faced women.

No one had seen the others make a move. And later investigation revealed no evidence of murder. Although suicide was the report, the inside coat pocket of the victim had been torn out.

Only a few months ago, an American naval officer, Capt. Eugene Karpe, left Bucharest on the Arlberg-Orient Express, headed for Paris. After stopping off in Vienna, he reboarded the train. But after the Express had passed through Salzburg, in the American Zone, his crushed body was found alongside the tracks. Since no murderer or motive was uncovered, a report of probable accident was entered.

Though its conductors and service personnel maintain that it is merely a relic of its past self, the Orient Express is a first-class vehicle, not only on the Continent but by American standards as well. Sedate in its 19th-century manner, its diner is embellished by rich mahogany walls and deep red-leather chairs. From its ceiling, crystal chandeliers hang in long rows, lending sparkle to the multicut mirrors on sideboards.

Still to be seen in the diner are gleaming silverware and Bohemian wineglasses, the starchy whiteness of fine Italian linens, the array of brass fixtures in open cupboards. And once again today, the Express' meticulously prepared meals, not to mention its six-page wine list, will surpass the best to be had on any American train.

Oddly enough, the type of meal one eats depends almost entirely on where the train is at the moment. For example, when the Express leaves the Swiss frontier going into Austria, a Swiss customs official comes aboard and locks the Swiss cabinet with its chocolates and cheese. A few minutes later, a green-uniformed Austrian official appears and opens the Austrian cabinet with its own variety of white wines and Tyrolean beers.

The same ritual occurs through Italy, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and Bulgaria. And not only does the food change, but also the currency in which the check is paid.

THE EXPRESS STAFF of conductors, cooks, and highly trained waiters, who before the war served with silver trays while wearing white gloves, are as much a part of the train's personality as its drawn-curtained compartments. A cardinal requirement for serving on the Express is that all its personnel, from bedmaker to chef, speak at least three languages. Another requirement is that they compose a geographical mixture of the countries through which the train passes.

Before World War II, the frontiers were a simple matter, but today, with the addition of occupation zones in Germany and Austria, border-crossing is both time-consuming and delicate. Now and then a passenger must get off because of faulty papers—or for having no papers at all.

The entire mood of the Orient Express changes abruptly after Vienna, on the Arlberg run; and after Trieste, on the Simplon route. More and more of the precious

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wine closets are closed, more compartments are locked, and more cars are detached as each trip sees fewer passengers going all the way through to Istanbul. The coaches, most of which are now cut off in Vienna, arrive in Budapest or Belgrade less than a quarter-full.

At the moment, the Orient Express is the only tangible link between East and West besides the plane. Whereas few people can obtain visas for the satellite countries, the Express still runs the entire route—either out of tradition or a sense of duty—three times a week. In spite of barriers and restrictions, its customary timetable has never been broken since World War II.

Not long ago, just as the train had crossed the frontier at Trieste, a tall dark woman in her early hirties, elegantly garbed in the ıtest fashion, pressed the emergency button. The train came to a halt and, before anyone could interfere, the beauteous passenger stepped off and vanished into the night. Three hours later, a gentle English dowager, who had been sharing the same compartment, excitedly reported that her jewel case was missing.

The *chef de train* listened respectfully and then sent three telegrams: one to Scotland Yard, one to the Sûreté, and another to the International Police at Trieste. Then he opened the train's logbook and wrote: "Jewels missing." It was his 37th jewel-robbery case aboard the Orient Express.

"It's not the first case nor will it be the last, monsieur," he said. "These things just happen."

He knows, as does all of Europe, that this part of the Orient's tradition will never change.

Taxes! Taxes!

The upper brackets feel that the income tax should be more properly called: "Capital Punishment." —EDITH BAER

To many people's surprise, March 15 is the day they discover who pays all those bills Congress passes. —ADRIAN ANDERSON

The difference between gross and net income, in untechnical language, is plenty. —RICHARD ARMOUR

"I went to the income tax office with Jane Russell," Bob Hope confessed, "because I didn't want them to watch *my* form too closely." —LAURA LESTER

It seems as though a taxpayer, these days, is a government worker with no sick leaves, no holidays, and no vacation. —*Hudson Newsletter*

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The LOW Cost of Living

How's your money memory? During recent rehearsals for his variety show (CBS, Wed., 9:30-10 P.M., EST), Bing Crosby selected ten items from a 1903 Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Now he challenges you to guess their cost. Some prices, even in the good old days, were higher than you think, so don't pick the lowest figure every time. Take ten points for each correct answer. If you score 80 or more, your excellent memory should make you flinch in the light of current prices. (Answers on page 134.)

1. CAMPBELL'S CONDENSED SOUPS
   Vegetable Soup, 1 lb. can.....(a) 5c (b) 9c (c) 17c
2. A BARGAIN AT TWICE THE PRICE — LADIES BATHROBE
   Made of excellent quality
   all wool eider down.....(a) $3.98 (b) $6.75 (c) $12.80
3. SNIDER'S CATSUP
   Finest flavor, per half-pint bottle.....(a) 6c (b) 11c (c) 17c
4. IMPROVE YOUR GOLF WITH BETTER CLUBS
   Victor Golf Club, driver with hickory shaft....(a) $1.25 (b) $2.95 (c) $4.50
5. FINEST CARPETS AT BARGAIN PRICES
   Brussels and Wilton Velvet Carpets,
   per yard.....(a) 19c-49c (b) 29c-69c (c) 64c-96c
6. ODORLESS REFRIGERATOR
   Fine Quality, Low Cost Puritan brand
   refrigerator, white interior.....(a) $6.95 (b) $10.50 (c) $14.45
7. WEAR THE BEST — JOHN B. STETSON HATS
   Famous Big Four Style, priced at only.....(a) $2.29 (b) $3.95 (c) $5.95
8. FINE FUR COAT — LATEST FASHION
   Smartly styled black dyed Baltic seal
   jacket with water mink trimming.....(a) $19.75 (b) $49.50 (c) $129.75
9. FINE SOLID OAK BEDROOM SUITE
   Beautifully styled;
   bed, dresser and commode.....(a) $12.75 (b) $14.95 (c) $19.95
10. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S COMPLETE WORKS
    In twelve volumes, cloth bound.....(a) $2.85 (b) $4.95 (c) $9.50

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Nighteaps

Somerset Maugham, British author, once commented: "The trouble with most American night clubs is that the tables are reserved but the guests aren't." —Mike O'Shea (*TV Guide*)

When Eddie Cantor's daughter, Marilyn, made her debut in New York, she did not wish to trade on her father's name, and so the talented young woman was billed as "Marilyn Curtis." Just before the curtain rose on the first show, a telegram came from her Dad, wishing her luck. The wire was signed: "Eddie Curtis." —Hy Gardner

Hollywooditis

Bert Six, Warner Bros. photographer, observed: "In Hollywood there's nothing better to make people aware of a new face than a pretty pair of legs."

Fan Fare

As she started out to be interviewed by a very wolfish producer, actress Shelley Winters was warned, "He'll rip your dress right off your back!"

Shelley answered, "So I'll wear an old dress." —Earl Wilson

Al Jolson once sent his father a $200 cashmere overcoat. Knowing he wouldn't accept it if he thought it was that expensive, Jolson told him it cost only $50. A little later Al got a letter asking him to send six more—his father had sold the coat for $75. —Harold Helfer

Star Gazing

The hostess at one of the larger Hollywood parties finally succeeded in corraling Ethel Barrymore and presenting a Mr. Blank. Graciously the great lady of the theater acknowledged the introduction, smiled, and started across the room toward a group of friends. Mr. Blank was brash and Mr. Blank was a celebrity worshiper. He trotted right after the actress and patted her arm. "Say Ethel . . ." he began.

Miss Barrymore wheeled, surveyed the little man, gave him a resounding whack between the shoulder blades. "Don't be so formal, kid!" she boomed. "Just call me 'Toots'!" —*Wall Street Journal*

Radio Repeats

"Can you tell anything about people by looking at their shoes?" Groucho Marx asked a shoe-repairman contestant on his quiz show.

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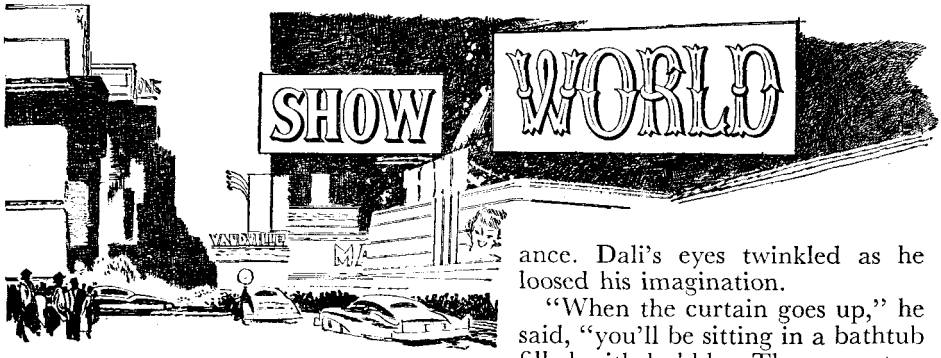

"Yes, sir," replied the contestant, "I can tell whether they're men or women."

When a hat salesman told Gracie Allen that sailors would be very popular this year, Gracie burbled, "Maybe so, but I'm married—I'll just have a hat." —Mrs. Louise Siegner

Teletripe

An elderly visitor was fascinated by television; particularly by a pair of Siamese dancers who were appearing that evening.

"Are they *really* Siamese?" asked the elderly lady. And upon being assured that they were, she marveled: "But, my gracious, I can't see where they're joined together!"

—Eleanor Clarage

"After watching coast television for a few weeks," observed Lisa Kirk, "I'm convinced the only programs that are rehearsed are the wrestling matches!" —Herb Stein

Onstage

Belita, the ice-skating ballet star, asked Salvador Dali to concoct a new ballet for her Paris performance. Dali's eyes twinkled as he loosed his imagination.

"When the curtain goes up," he said, "you'll be sitting in a bathtub filled with bubbles. Then a motorcycle will be shown coming right out of the bathtub. Then another motorcycle, and another one—and when the curtain comes down, there'll be 30 motorcycles dashing about the stage."

Dali paused, noticed Belita's look of astonishment, and beamed: "The French press will go wild about it, because they won't know how it's done. And as yet," he added, "neither do I." —Leonard Lyons

With the Critics

General Grant wasn't musical. He used to say he knew only two tunes. One was *Yankee Doodle* and the other was not. —Sigmund Spaeth

They say "There's no business like show business." Do you know a funny story that proves it? How about that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, that backstage story about a show-world personality? Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World," but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for accepted items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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The SAN FERNANDO Valley of Surprises

by GERALD DUNCAN

A fertile California garden spot has beauty, majesty, and the bloom of life abundant

THERE ARE SEVERAL valleys in California. But to more than 4,000,000 Californians, there is only one valley: *The Valley*, the San Fernando Valley.

Its partisans are not without justification. In area, it is about 24 miles long and up to 10 miles wide. Chicago would fit into it snugly. It could take six Manhattans and never feel them.

Towns string along The Valley's length like pearls on a necklace—long, thin towns, hugging the highways. All are in the corporate limits of Los Angeles except San Fernando, site of the mission established by padres in 1797, and Burbank, home of one of the world's largest movie studios. Each has its community shops, its civic pride, and its honorary mayor, chosen from among the entertainment folk.

Garden-spot householders include Lionel Barrymore, Lucille Ball, Bob Hope, Judy Canova, Horace Heidt, Dinah Shore, Jim Jeffries, old-time heavyweight champion of the world, and Lassie.

They are among the notables. There are tens of thousands of others—estimated by the Los Angeles City Planning Commission as nearly 360,000 in 1948, up from the census figure of 78,572 in 1930—and they're increasing every day.

In productivity, The Valley is amazingly fertile. It spawns garden truck, melons, fruit, nuts, flowers—almost any vegetative thing to caress the palate and excite the eyes and nostrils.

Its grass is munched by champion beef and milk cattle. Thoroughbred horses roam its greenlands. Cockers, collies, scotties, and schnauzers are a thriving business. Its chickens and their eggs garnish breakfast and

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Sunday-dinner tables. Rabbits for food and fur are one of its major industries.

But statistics aren't what make The Valley dear to the hearts of those who are fortunate enough to live there.

It's the stars, leaning down to kiss the hills; the mountains, shouldering the sky. It's the merry-go-rounds piping their obbligato to the rumble of traffic along the boulevards; the pony carts fringing the highways, as men and women saunter to work; the mannerly Great Dane champion, guarding the parked car at the store on Ventura Boulevard while its mistress shops in shorts; the dizzy, ubiquitous mixture of Fifth Avenue and Main Street.

It's the charm of The Valley—its majesty and its cloudless skies, its sun and its air, its capering squirrels, its four-lane pavements, its avenues of dining rooms, and its collarless comfort.

THE FIRST WHITE MEN ever to lay eyes on The Valley were 63 Spaniards. Seeking an inland route from Mexico to Monterey Bay, they stumbled into The Valley on August 5, 1769. California's first gold was discovered there. Mexicans fought an *opera bouffe* war on its hills. Gen. John Charles Fremont trudged its slopes and annexed it to the U. S. even before Mexico ceded California in 1848.

Tillers of the soil fingered the fertile loam—rich deposits left by a lost lake of the long ago—and characterized the San Fernando as America's Valley of the Nile. Others, even more lyrical, called it a second Garden of Eden.

Even as the pioneering padres of the 18th century had done, the Hollywood hierarchy looked upon The Valley and found it good. Their homes hang on its hills like pictures on a wall. In The Valley, they can escape care, acquire horses, cows, even pigs, and still be within easy driving distance of the Hollywood film studios.

There are sound reasons for the ever-increasing population of The Valley. For one thing, San Fernando is the most convenient *Lebensraum* to Sunset Boulevard and downtown Los Angeles. It will be even nearer Spring Street when the Hollywood Freeway is completed.

For another thing, the life is splendidly casual, even for California. In the restaurants that nuzzle the concrete of Ventura Boulevard, one may find a glamour starlet in imported gabardine, chatting earnestly with a chicken farmer in jeans. Spurs and spangles crowd each other on a Saturday in Reseda, Van Nuys, Chatsworth, and Canoga Park, when cowhands ride to town to do their shopping. Horses nudge hot-rods on the highways as the ranchers trot in from their haciendas.

Industry has had much to do with the expanding population. Forty years ago, nearly 60,000 acres of The Valley sprouted wheat. Today these same acres bear Warner Brothers' vast 120-acre studio; the Walt Disney, Universal-International and Republic lots; Lockheed's aircraft factory. Chevrolet and Fisher Body occupy a big plant at Van Nuys.

"We build a city a month out here," William Paul Whitsett said recently. He made the remark af-

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fectionately, paternally—for he is part of The Valley, and The Valley is part of him.

Van Nuys, the approximate geographical center and administrative hub of The Valley, is Whitsett's baby. It was a dust bowl when he surveyed it for the first time. But he visualized it as green pastures and made it so—for two reasons: to fabricate a fortune and to regain the health he had lost as a coal-mine operator in Indiana.

"I was looking for a place to repair my lungs," he said. "Also," he added with a chuckle, "I was trying to keep one step ahead of the sheriff."

With a group of associates, Whitsett bought 47,000 acres of land. Part of this, including the present site of Van Nuys, he cut up and sold as building lots. He built a home for himself—a sort of mansion that radiates modernity even today as Van Nuys adjusts its contours to the look of tomorrow. He divided and subdivided and re-subdivided his holdings.

Pick another resident at random, ask the same questions, and you'll get practically the same answers. Here, for instance, is a divorcee in her middle thirties—a mother, a career girl—who came to The Valley by way of Cleveland, London, and New York.

Her home is at Sherman Oaks, a three-minute walk from Ventura Boulevard. She occupies what Southern California is full of—a guest house. It has a living room, bedroom, dinette, kitchen, and bathroom—all on the smallish side but cozy and comfortable. There is a patio adequate to serve dinner for four. A converted stable provides accommodations for her teen-age son when he comes home from military school in Hollywood. She pays $75 a month for the guest house, furnished.

Her home, typical of many, is like a forest hideaway. Up from the boulevard, you go through a gate into another world. Pansies border the walk and zinnias are near-by. A breeze whispers through a great oak shading the house. Birds chirp on the branches.

An attractive woman, whose business is advertising in Hollywood, she says: "Here I can collapse and relax. It's away from everything and still I'm only 15 minutes from Hollywood Boulevard. I get a good feeling, no matter how hard the day, when the gate closes behind me."

Nature and man joined to make The Valley a cradle of abundant life. The soil was there, but not enough moisture. The padres, the first agriculturists and the first merchants, discovered the good and the bad, and tapped near-by streams. Their vineyards grew heavy with the grape, and they made wine and sold it for an oxhide a barrel.

Los Angeles solved the problem of The Valley's thirst in 1913 when its engineers went 238 miles to the High Sierras and dammed the mountain snows. Two years later, the parched communities of The Valley became annexed to the city, relinquishing their independence for water.

The Valley took a stiff snort and has been showing the benefits ever since. It explodes crops like popcorn. Farmers get five or six cuttings of alfalfa a year.

Today, however, carpenters and

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riveters are vying with the harvesters. Industry is edging aside agriculture. In the late 1840s, the land changed hands for 12 cents an acre. Around 1900, it commanded $5 to $150. The average value was $3,250 in 1925. Not long ago, the Citizens National Trust & Savings Bank of Los Angeles bought 100 front feet in Van Nuys for a branch building. The price was $100,000.

THE VALLEY IS a pleasant place to be, come summer or winter. The beach and the blue Pacific are a leisurely half-hour away. Snow-capped crests and skiing are a fast hour away. And at bedtime you'll pull a blanket over your bones, however warm the day.

It's healthy, too. There's little rain, and the dryness makes it an asylum for persons afflicted with respiratory ailments.

Back in the 1860s, during a tour of The Valley, Ben C. Truman, confidential agent for President Andrew Johnson, wrote to the New York *Times:* "Anything that the heart of man desires can be produced on the generous soil. In a few years San Fernando will be adorned with hundreds of groves and orchards."

Today, almost 100 years later, The Valley is still in its infancy. The figures prove it. Every month, more than 2,000 building permits are issued. They were valued last year at $116,000,000.

Why? Because The Valley is something like what James M. Barrie said of womanly charm: "Oh, it's—it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have . . ."

The San Fernando Valley has the bloom, definitely.

Succinct Similes

Bold as the bark of a puppy. —D. YATES in WALTER WINCHELL

She looks as though she were poured into her dress and forgot to say when. —MOREY AMSTERDAM

The day smells as if it had been made in the country. —ED FITZGERALD

The man was lost in the crowd as if he had been soaked up by a blotter. —PAUL STEINER

As calmly detached as nurses in a hospital who smile faintly at what the patients say under ether. —CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

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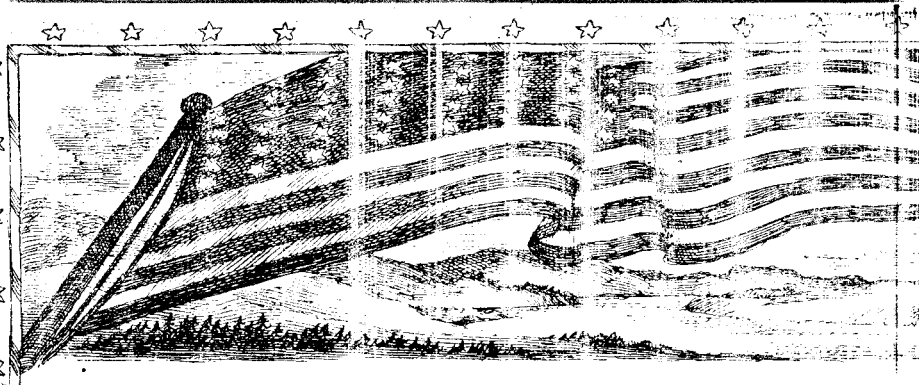

SYMBOL OF

WHAT IS A FLAG? What is the love of country for which it stands? Maybe it begins with love of the land itself . . .

It is the fog rolling in with the tide at Eastport, or through the Golden Gate and among the towers of San Francisco. It is the sun coming up behind the White Mountains, over the Green, throwing a shining glory on Lake Champlain and above the Adirondacks. It is the storied Mississippi rolling swift and muddy past St. Louis, past Cairo, pouring down past the levees of New Orleans.

It is lazy noontide in the pines of Carolina, a sea of wheat rippling in western Kansas, the San Francisco peaks far north across the glowing nakedness of Arizona, the Grand Canyon and a little stream coming down out of a New England ridge.

It is men at work. It is the storm-tossed fishermen coming into Gloucester. It is the farmer riding his great machine in the dust of harvest, the dairyman going to the barn before sunrise, the lineman mending the broken wire, the miner drilling for the blast. It is the servants of fire in the murky splendor of Pittsburgh, between the Allegheny and the Monongahela, the trucks rumbling through the night, the engineer bringing the train in on time, the pilot in the clouds, the riveter running along the beam a hundred feet in the air.

It is the clerk in the office, the housewife doing the dishes and sending the children off to school. It is the teacher, doctor, and parson tending and helping, body and soul, for small reward.

It is small things remembered, the little corners of the land, the houses, the people, that each one loves. We love our country because there was a tree on a hill, and grass thereon, and a sweet valley below; because the hurdy-gurdy man came along on a sunny morning in a city street; because a beach or a lane or a house that might not

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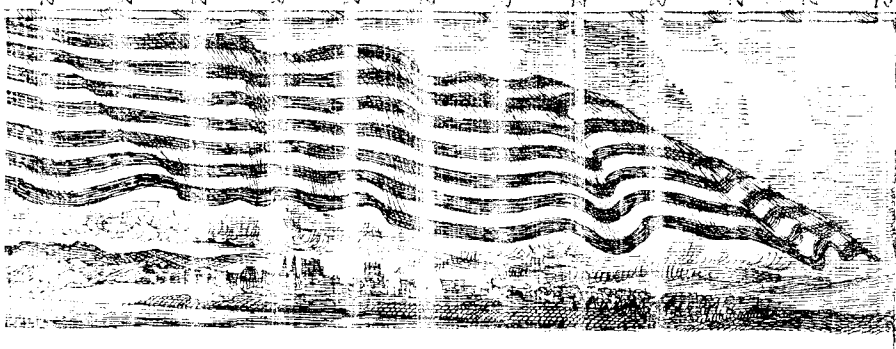

OUR NATION

seem much to others were once, for us, made magic.

It is voices that are remembered only, no longer heard. It is parents, friends, the lazy chat of street and store and office, and the ease of mind that makes life tranquil. It is summer and winter, rain and sun and storms. These are flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, a lasting part of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is stories told. It is the Pilgrims dying in their first dreadful winter. It is the Minute Man standing his ground at Concord Bridge, and dying there. It is the army in rags, starving at Valley Forge. It is the wagons and the men on foot going westward over Cumberland Gap, floating down the rivers, rolling over the plains. It is the settler hacking fiercely at the primeval forest on his new, his own lands.

It is Thoreau at Walden Pond, Lincoln at Cooper Union, and Lee riding home from Appomattox. It is corruption and disgrace, answered always by men who would not let the flag lie in the dust, who have stood up in every generation to fight for the old ideals and the old rights.

It is a great multitude of people on pilgrimage, common and ordinary people charged with the usual human failings, yet filled with such a hope as never caught the hearts of any nation on earth before. The hope of liberty. The hope of justice. The hope of a land in which a man can stand straight, without fear, without rancor.

The land and the people and the flag—the land a continent, the people of every race, the flag a symbol of what humanity may aspire to when the wars are over and the barriers are down. To these, each generation must be dedicated and consecrated anew, to defend with life itself, if need be; but, above all, in friendliness, in hope, in courage, to live for.

—EDITORIAL FROM THE NEW YORK *Times*

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

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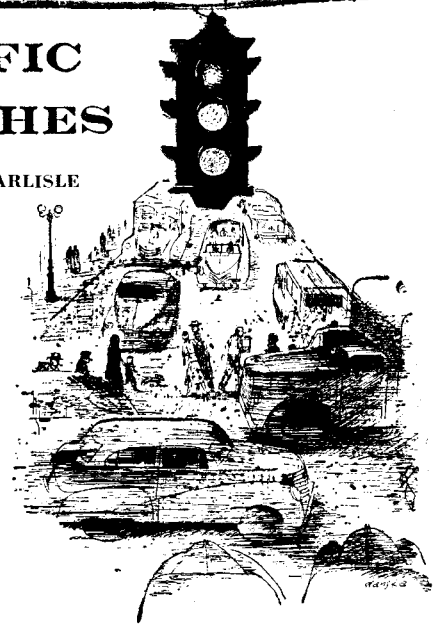
NEW LIGHTS TO CURE OUR TRAFFIC HEADACHES

by NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE

Miraculous stop-and-go signals with a "brain" are helping to protect you and winning the Battle of the Intersection



IF YOU SHOULD find yourself zipping past traffic signals that magically seem to stay green, you may be as puzzled as was a Denver policeman who stood watching a newly installed light at an intersection. After he had studied its curious antics for several minutes, he rushed to the phone to call the city's traffic engineer, Henry Barnes.

"That new traffic signal isn't working," he reported. "Seems to get stuck."

The officer received a lecture that sent him away muttering, "I wouldn't have believed it!"

The explanation was simple enough. Traffic engineers and electrical experts have produced a fabulous gadget—a traffic signal with a brain. In hundreds of cities it is performing enough miracles to make it welcome news for anyone who drives a car.

Consider, for example, what happened at an oversized intersection on Route 10, in Seattle, Washington. Here was a traffic engineer's nightmare. Every night during the rush hour, traffic backed up for as much as half a mile. Tangled fenders, crushed grills, and frayed tempers were commonplace.

When traffic engineer J. W. Bollong examined this chaotic spot, he discovered that there were no less than 15 conflicting traffic movements. No matter how ordinary signals were set, the traffic snarled. Yet when the magic signals that can think for themselves were installed, the confusion stopped. Traffic flowed smoothly. Accidents dropped 90 per cent!

These actuated signals are just one weapon used in what the traffic engineers call "The Battle of the Intersection." All over the country, they are busy looking at intersections already equipped with

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some kind of signal, and thinking about the ones that should be there.

The engineers have also hit on a fact that you, as a motorist, have probably long suspected: that some signals actually do more to snarl traffic than they do to keep it moving. Furthermore, they have found that signals can be killers which take lives rather than save them!

Traffic experts have been working on red-and-green signals for more than 35 years. The first one was tried in Cleveland, Ohio, in August, 1914. During those early days of the automobile, devices ranged from a semaphore in San Francisco that announced its changes by blowing an automatic whistle, to such dazzling wonders as the signal dreamed up by Philadelphia police, in which the idea was to have one mammoth light that would be visible for miles.

Early lights were controlled by a simple clockwork that switched the red and green at set intervals. Later, the control device was made to handle more than one light. Though a majority of the nation's lights are still run on this simple basis, they look crude in comparison with some of the new super-signals designed by engineers.

THE DEVICE that really stirs the experts is that actuated signal, which sets itself to suit traffic conditions at any particular moment. "These things are almost human," they tell you. Yet there is nothing mysterious about how they work. The signal is very much like any other light, but two new gadgets have been added.

First, there is the electric detector, which "feels" a car when it approaches the intersection. The detector may take the form of a pressure plate, which responds to a car's weight. Or it may be a clever contrivance which sends out electrical impulses when its magnetic field is disturbed by the presence of a car above it.

To receive the messages, there is a sort of electronic switchboard which traffic engineers call "The Brain"—an uncanny device that weighs and measures traffic conditions as indicated by the number of impulses it receives from cars on different streets.

Suppose a number of cars are driving along Street A, and only a few along Street B. "The Brain" shoots out a message to the signal that gives the green light to the motorists on A. Then it "thinks" about the traffic piling up on B and when enough motorists are waiting there, it zips another message that tells the signal to give Street B a green light.

It even considers the convenience of the lone motorist who may be waiting on a little-used street. It won't make him sit there indefinitely, but will "order" a green light just long enough for him to get through. There is almost no limit to the complexity of the situations it can understand.

Consider the headache turned over to actuated signals in Detroit. In that city, the famed Triangle, formed by the meeting of Gratiot, Warren, and East Grand Boulevard, is one of the busiest thoroughfares in America. Through it pour 95,000 cars in an average day.

Signals that could handle that many cars in such a complex set of intersections would have been con-

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sidered impossible a few years ago. Yet Ross Harger, Detroit traffic engineer, turned it over to the fast-thinking traffic signals with startling results. Now a car can zip through that fantastic welter of traffic with an average of only one stop and start; cars get through with 42 per cent fewer delays than when the intersections were controlled by ordinary signals and policemen.

Engineers are even using traffic-actuated signals to halt speeders, a use for the versatile "stop" light that first popped up in Flint, Michigan. Outside this city, drivers would roll into town on Route 78 at speeds up to 70 miles an hour. Signs indicating a limit of 35 did no good. The city's traffic engineer, Henry Barnes, took a look at the situation and announced, "We'll stop those fellows!"

Soon afterward, a traffic signal appeared at a spot where there was no intersection at all. It took speeders a while to catch on to the reason for its being there, but when they did, speeding miraculously dropped.

The cure was accomplished simply enough. A car approaching the signal passed over an electric detector. Impulses promptly caused the signal to start timing, and if the car was going at the proper speed, the normally red light turned green before the car had stopped. If the driver was going too fast, he reached a stopping point while the light was still red, and was brought to an abrupt halt.

THERE ARE ALL SORTS of tricks in this traffic-actuated business. For instance, now they have a signal that knows when an ambulance or a fire truck is coming and turns all lights red along the route and on intersecting streets. An electric "ear" picks up the sound of an approaching siren, translates it into impulses which it sends on to the traffic signal timer, which promptly flicks all lights at that intersection over to red until the sound of the siren dies away in the distance.

Many cities have seen dramatic evidence of what traffic signals can do to the municipal budget. Denver had a bad situation at the multiple intersection of Bannock Street, Forest Drive, and Speer Boulevard. There were lights here, but the traffic became so complicated at rush hours that it was necessary to put an officer on duty to actuate the signals. Then the traffic engineer moved in, and turned the job over to those super-smart signals that can "think."

The first day the new setup went into operation, the police department skeptically sent the officer anyway. With wonderment he watched the smooth flow of traffic. The second afternoon he came again, then reported back to his superiors, "Heck, there's nothing for me to do there!"

The new system on that corner saves Denver an estimated $1,500 a year, and relieves a police officer for other services.

However, the problems of handling traffic are not always turned over to the mechanical wizardry of the traffic-actuated signals. The engineers are still finding plenty of jobs for lights controlled by timing devices set by hand. Some of them have now become complex "brains" in themselves. On them, the traffic engineers can set up an

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hour-by-hour schedule for an entire week.

Suppose that traffic on Street A is heaviest during most hours of the day. Therefore the lights on that street should stay green longer than on intersecting streets. But suppose that, at a certain hour of the day, a factory changes shifts, pouring hundreds of cars into one of those intersecting streets?

The engineer takes care of that situation by a program timer on the master control board. At the hour of the shift, it changes the timing of the lights, cutting the green on Street A, giving more to the intersecting street. At the same time, the light intervals all the way down Street A will be gradually lengthened to speed up traffic that has entered from the factory street.

When the engineers take a sharp look at traffic signals, they often make surprising discoveries. In Flint, the traffic engineer was shocked when he studied the record for a major intersection. In three years, it had been the scene of 100 accidents! Clearly something was terribly wrong.

The engineer stood on the corner for a few hours and found the explanation. The signals at this deadly intersection were Frankensteins that were actually causing many accidents. The trouble was, they were placed on low corner posts in the midst of red neon lighting, and motorists couldn't see them.

Engineers often find it best to put lights on corner posts, but in this case it was recommended that the light be hung overhead. With this simple remedy, accidents were cut 68 per cent the first year!

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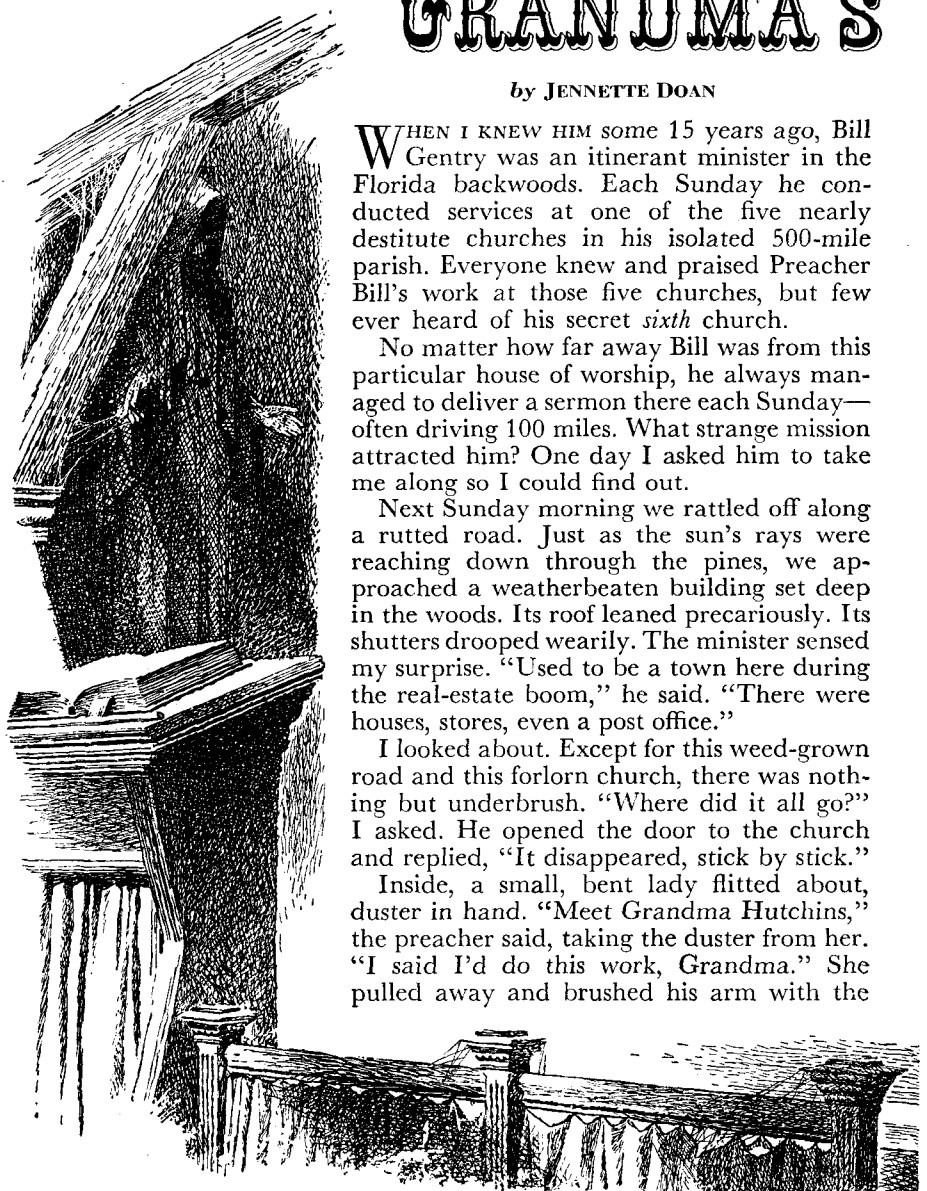
"GRANDMA'S

by JENNETTE DOAN



WHEN I KNEW HIM some 15 years ago, Bill Gentry was an itinerant minister in the Florida backwoods. Each Sunday he conducted services at one of the five nearly destitute churches in his isolated 500-mile parish. Everyone knew and praised Preacher Bill's work at those five churches, but few ever heard of his secret *sixth* church.

No matter how far away Bill was from this particular house of worship, he always managed to deliver a sermon there each Sunday—often driving 100 miles. What strange mission attracted him? One day I asked him to take me along so I could find out.

Next Sunday morning we rattled off along a rutted road. Just as the sun's rays were reaching down through the pines, we approached a weatherbeaten building set deep in the woods. Its roof leaned precariously. Its shutters drooped wearily. The minister sensed my surprise. "Used to be a town here during the real-estate boom," he said. "There were houses, stores, even a post office."

I looked about. Except for this weed-grown road and this forlorn church, there was nothing but underbrush. "Where did it all go?" I asked. He opened the door to the church and replied, "It disappeared, stick by stick."

Inside, a small, bent lady flitted about, duster in hand. "Meet Grandma Hutchins," the preacher said, taking the duster from her. "I said I'd do this work, Grandma." She pulled away and brushed his arm with the

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A Godsend"

bunch of feathers. "You tend to your chores, young feller," she retorted, her eyes twinkling, "and I'll tend to mine."

At exactly 9 o'clock the service began. Grandma Hutchins folded her gnarled hands reverently in her lap. Her face lighted with eagerness and faith. During the next hour, I occasionally glanced behind me. The rows of carefully dusted pews waited in vain. No one entered the sagging door.

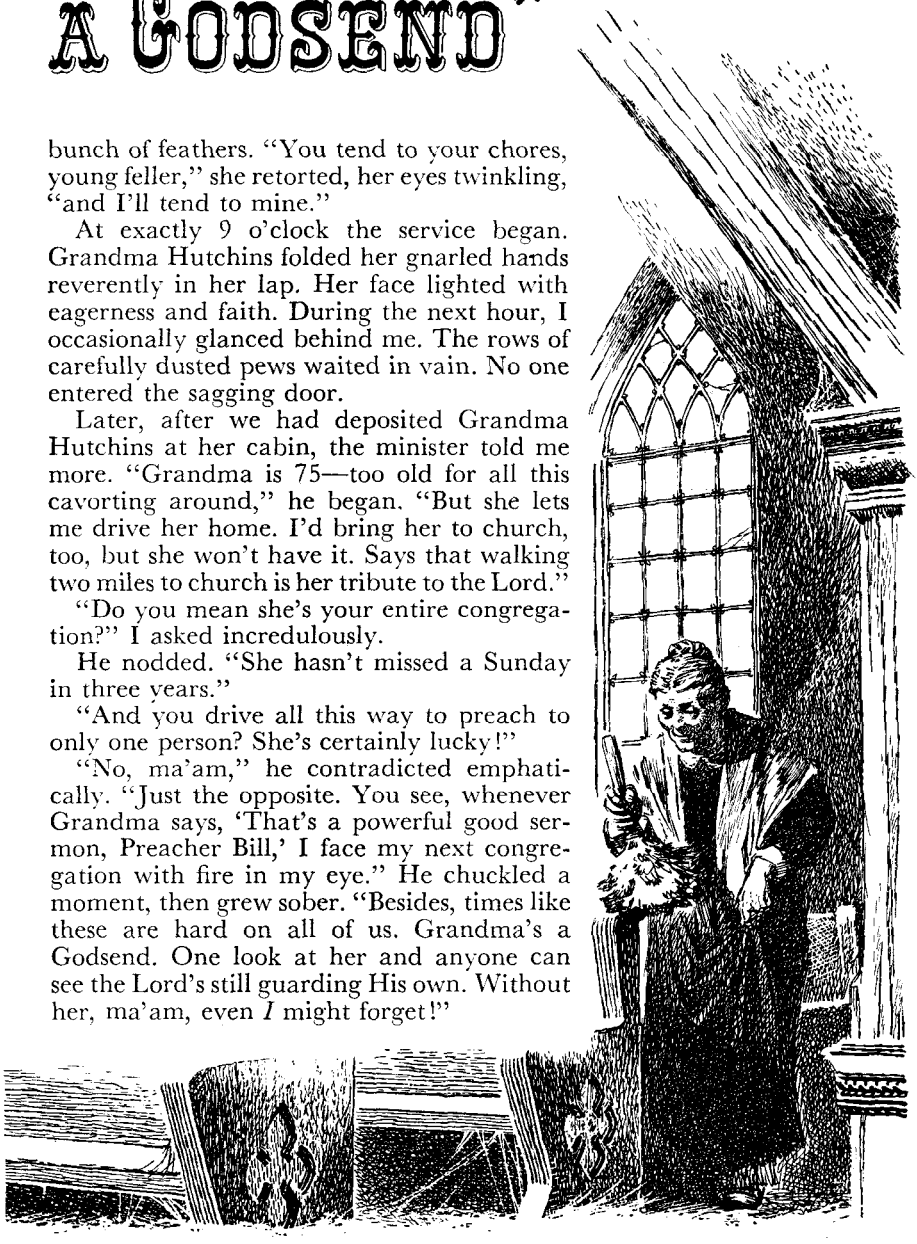
Later, after we had deposited Grandma Hutchins at her cabin, the minister told me more. "Grandma is 75—too old for all this cavorting around," he began. "But she lets me drive her home. I'd bring her to church, too, but she won't have it. Says that walking two miles to church is her tribute to the Lord."

"Do you mean she's your entire congregation?" I asked incredulously.

He nodded. "She hasn't missed a Sunday in three years."

"And you drive all this way to preach to only one person? She's certainly lucky!"

"No, ma'am," he contradicted emphatically. "Just the opposite. You see, whenever Grandma says, 'That's a powerful good sermon, Preacher Bill,' I face my next congregation with fire in my eye." He chuckled a moment, then grew sober. "Besides, times like these are hard on all of us. Grandma's a Godsend. One look at her and anyone can see the Lord's still guarding His own. Without her, ma'am, even *I* might forget!"



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The Navy's

MEN OF MERCY

by CAPT. WALTER KARIG, USNR

The heroes of a split-second medical service are performing miracles of lifesaving

MODERN WARFARE is pretty generally a story of mounting horrors. But it is heartening to learn that some of the very inventions which have made war so terrible can also be used to ease the suffering and even save the lives of war's victims. For instance, consider the case of Steve B——, a marine who not so long ago was fighting the Reds in Korea . . .

On the morning it happened, Steve wasn't thinking of the men of his squad left behind in splotches of their own blood. He wasn't thinking of home, or Korea, or even of himself, as he reached the top of a hill overlooking Chang-nyong, crawling with his nose only an inch above the earth. He was thinking of just one thing—to get to the top of the sullen ridge ahead and chase the entrenched communists into the farther valley.

He signaled to the men behind him to lie low, then cautiously raised himself to inspect the route the Leathernecks would have to take before resuming their ascent to the ridge. Then . . .

"It felt like some guy gave me a boot, and I went flat in the mud. Next thing I knew, I felt like the whole world was pushing me in the face. My mouth was full of mud, but I couldn't open it. Somebody started to lift me up. Then I yelled. It hurt fierce, and I was scared, and then I blacked out.

"The next thing I knew, there was a lady in white leaning over me, and I thought I was dead until she said, 'Hello, Steve. Are you feeling better?' and stuck a thermometer in my mouth.

"I said 'Where am I?' and she said 'You're halfway to Yokohama.' And she wasn't kidding."

Total elapsed time: 24 hours.

Steve had been hit at 8 o'clock in the morning. A U.S. Navy hospital corpsman, 50 yards behind, had seen him topple. This wasn't by chance: it was the corpsman's job to be on the spot.

With a curt "Let's go!" to the South Korean stretcher-bearers at his heels, the corpsman had crawled to where Steve lay helpless. It required only one look for the trained hospital man to see that Steve's was no case for first aid. This was a bad wound.

The unconscious man was rolled

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onto the litter and wrapped in a blanket; four Koreans seized the stretcher bars and, bent double to make as small a target as possible, started down the slope to the battalion aid station.

At the station, a quarter-mile away, two Naval medical officers in green Marine overalls were bandaging a Leatherneck's shoulder. Soon Steve's litter was on the trestles, his blood-sodden clothing being cut from around his midriff. Another corpsman came up from the jeeps; while the surgeons discussed Steve's injury—a rifle bullet had pierced his right side—blood plasma was already trickling into his arteries.

A hypodermic, and another, against pain and infection. Gauze pads to protect the wounds. "Get him out of here, quick!"

Steve's stretcher was lifted into the litter-jeep, which moved off slowly until the ox-track road was reached. He lay unconscious, white-faced under the mud on his cheeks.

Elapsed time, not quite half an hour.

The Division Point was in a country schoolhouse. Four litter-jeeps were unloading as the one bearing Steve squashed into the yard. Above the chug of the jeep motors could be heard sounds as if a Fourth of July celebration were going on just beyond the hills. No one paid any attention. All knew that the muffled noises portended a busy day and night.

A surgeon in fatigue greens, followed by a corpsman in white overalls and a yeoman with a fistful of tags, passed down the line of new arrivals, giving a quick but comprehensive look at the wounds of all. The yeoman wrote down the surgeon's quick diagnosis and threaded a tag to a buttonhole of each.

No expressions changed as Steve's wounds were uncovered. The doctor said: "Get him into Number Three at once!"

Four Korean litter-bearers jumped at the signal. Steve's stretcher was borne gently down the muddied hall to a blackboard-lined room filled with the smell of ether and disinfectants. A corpsman started cutting him out of his clothes with surgical shears, while a surgeon lifted the emergency dressings with forceps. A swinging metal arm focused an X ray's lens.

White-clad figures quickly went to work on what had to be done immediately, interrupted only when a corpsman brought in a damp sheet of black-blurred celluloid, the X-ray film.

The surgeon bent over Steve again, working swiftly, surely, deftly.

"Windmill?" asked the corpsman assisting, through his gauze mask.

"Better be," the surgeon answered. "One in?"

"I think so . . . Hey, Tony! Any helicopters on the field?"

"Two of 'em."

"Okay," said the surgeon. "Take him out."

Elapsed time: one hour and forty minutes.

ONCE STEVE had said: "I wouldn't ride in one of those things for a million dollars!"

Maybe, had he known he was being whirred down the Naktong Valley in a helicopter, he would have paid a million dollars for the privilege—if he had a million. Even though a sniper potshotted at the machine outside Samnang-jin,

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Steve would have given anything short of his life for that ride, because it meant just that to him—his life.

Forty minutes from the divisional surgical point, and just two hours and fifty minutes from the moment he had been wounded, Steve was landed close by the Army's Evacuation Hospital in Pusan. There he was loaded on a waiting ambulance, and hoisted over the side of the big white Navy hospital ship, the *USS Consolation.*

In another 15 minutes he was on the table in an operating room that might have been transported in every detail from the Navy's mammoth medical center in Bethesda, Maryland. A senior surgeon who in civilian life could have charged thousands for removing a gall bladder was exerting all his genius on the young marine's wound. And just 24 hours after he was carried off the field, Steve came back to consciousness and began feebly kidding his nurse on the outbound *Consolation.*

Today, it is not only wounded marines who benefit by the swift attention and transportation Steve received. To the physicians and surgeons of our armed forces, Navy and Army working side by side, an injured man is a patient, be he infantryman, artilleryman, airman or marine—or even an enemy soldier. The extent of the man's injury, not rank or service, determines the treatment he receives from the medical forces.

This I saw myself, in trips to and from the Korean front and in a memorable cruise from Pusan to Yokohama in company with Rear Admiral Joel T. Boone, then senior Navy medical officer and Inspector General of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, when more than three-fifths of the patients aboard the *Consolation* were Army—soldiers of every race and nationality.

It is this process of immediate care for the wounded and their swift transportation through the successive stages of surgical attention, from first-aid stations under the guns to evacuation hospital, that has reduced the mortality rate to the astounding *one per cent* established after the first crucial months of hostilities. I say astounding, because for ruggedness and filth of terrain Korea is somewhat worse than any combat area of the last two World Wars. And by the time the wounded reach the hospital ship, the mortality rate drops to .02 per cent!

In this accomplishment, the helicopter and the hospital ship have been major factors. And for amphibious invasions, such as at Inchon, the Navy's equivalent of the Army's truck-borne mobile surgical units were LST's equipped as traveling surgeries. These whalelike craft, with bow ramps and hollow insides, were run ashore to lay gaping, while jeeps and helicopters brought the wounded to the beach.

The cavernous hulls, designed to haul tanks and heavy artillery, were converted into receiving wards, whence the patients were lifted through scuttles in the bulkheads to operating rooms.

Each LST with its surgical team of three doctors and ten corpsmen cares for 100 stretcher cases and 500 ambulatory patients before reaching capacity.

"The ideal in treatment of serious wounds," says Admiral Boone,

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"is to complete major surgery as soon as possible. We are approaching the ideal by bringing the hospital to the patient, instead of trying to get the patient to the hospital more quickly."

ONE DAY, FROM the LST's deck, we were watching the *Consolation*, whose sparkling white hull with its great red cross was being butted to a mooring by tugs. The hospital ship had just returned from Yokohama, where she had carried nearly 700 wounded sailors, marines, and soldiers. Already a hospital train was easing into the spur on the far side of the pier, its arrival from the Army's inland hospitals nicely synchronized with the ship's return.

Once berthed, the *Consolation* began loading the wounded. Each man wore a tag on which was inscribed the exact nature of his wound, the surgical and medical treatment he had been given; diagnosis and prognosis. Slings were rigged, and as each casualty was brought shipside, a medical officer read the tag and directed to which deck and ward the man was to be carried.

Those most critically wounded were tagged for immediate surgery, and before the train was emptied of its 200 stretcher cases, three of the helpless passengers were on operating tables.

The train unloaded, ambulances from the Army's Pusan Evacuation Hospital crawled onto the pier with less critical cases, and Admiral Boone and I left for Marine headquarters where helicopters were ready to fly us to the front. There, the next day, we met up with the man I have called Steve who, wounded in the morning, beat us back to the *Consolation*.

From sundeck to bilge plates, the Navy's hospital ships are spotless as any state-side sanatorium. The wards, cabins, and staterooms are air-conditioned and soundproofed. Except for the happy fact that they float, the ships are 700-bed hospitals as capacious and well-equipped as anything you can find ashore, and better than most.

The 20 surgical officers and 20 nurses aboard have 158 rated corpsmen to help care for patients. Three oral surgeons can do anything from filling a cavity to making a man a new jaw—teeth, chin, and all.

Below decks are medical stores and appliances sufficient to run the ship at capacity for a year, with enough left over to resupply the sick bays of a fleet of combat ships. In the Korean hostilities, the *Consolation* was store ship for everything from suture needles to canned blood, from aspirin through the pharmacopoeia to zinc ointment.

She is a traveling blood bank: every man on the ship has been typed and is available for transfusions on demand. She also uses 40,000 gallons of water a day, distilled from sea water in such purity it can be used in storage batteries. The reefers are filled with the greatest assortment of food of any ship in the Navy, for providing special diets to tempt the appetites of the wounded and just for satisfying man-sized hunger.

Modern medicine pays a lot of attention to the mental welfare (call it psychology or morale) of the ill or injured, and the Navy's medicos are no exception. The *Consolation* operates its own broadcasting sta-

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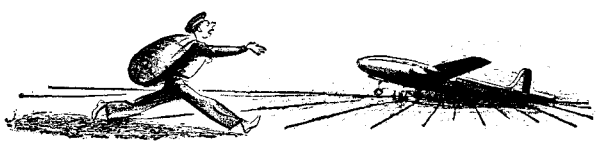
tion. Every bed has a set of earphones through which the wounded can listen to a choice of three continuous programs, and "attend" religious services.

There is a library, a soda fountain, and a miniature shopping center for cigarettes, camera film, and Oriental souvenirs that the GI didn't have time to buy.

From Yokohama, patients ready to travel are sent to the U. S. by the Military Air Transport's litter-planes, lately augmented by the Navy's auxiliary hospital ships—quickly converted transports. By means of helicopter, ships, and C-54 litter-planes, men have been kissed by wife or mother back in the States in less than a week after they fell on the field of battle, half a world away.

In any other war, including World War II, many of these men would have been occupying shallow graves, their dog-tags dangling from rifle butts that marked where they would lie until permanent resting places could be staked out. But today, due to the quiet workers of the Navy's remarkable medical service, they are being snatched from death to live out their lives in the country which they fought to save against aggression.



General Replies

ONE DAY DURING World War II, Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt Jr. was waiting at an airport to board a plane. A sailor stepped up to a near-by ticket window and asked for a seat on the same plane, explaining, "I want to see Ma. I ain't got much time."

The bright young thing at the ticket window was not impressed. "There's a war on, you know," she said, turning down his request on the ground that his priority wasn't high enough.

At this point General Roosevelt stepped to the window and told the girl to give the sailor his seat. A friend who was standing with Roosevelt spoke his surprise: "Teddy, aren't you in a hurry too?"

"It's a matter of rank," came the reply. "I'm only a general. He's a son." —JAMES KELLER, *One Moment Please* (Doubleday)

HERB CAEN CORNERED the late Gen. "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell in San Francisco's Fairmont hotel one evening and asked, "Did you have any horses in that Burma operation of yours?"

"We did indeed," replied the General.

"And how were they?" persisted Caen.

The General answered, "Tasty, mighty tasty." —BENNETT CERF

CORNELIUS RYAN, the ex-war correspondent, tells this story about General MacArthur:

When the General visited Korea, an aide was disturbed by the fact that he never has worn a helmet, and warned him: "General, we just killed two snipers near here."

"Good," MacArthur replied. "That's the proper thing to do."

—LEONARD LYONS

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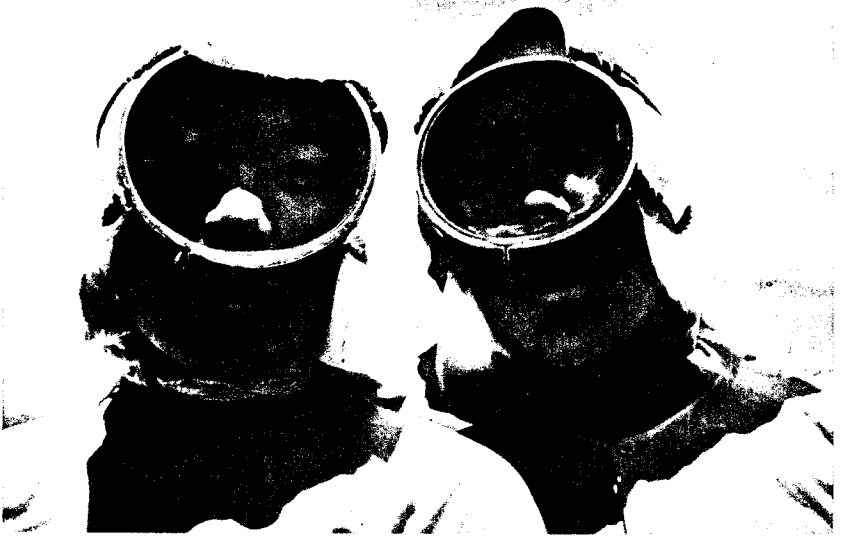

KINGDOM OF PEARLS

THE TWO WOMEN ABOVE, peering through cyclops-like diving helmets, fished from Japanese waters many of the cultured pearls worn by Americans today. From the floors of Ago Bay, on Japan's southeastern coast, have come most of the "grown" pearls currently in use, and it was there that Kokichi Mikimoto conducted the first experiments which produced cultured gems and led him eventually to the crown of Pearl King of the World, a title he has held for almost 50 years.

Mikimoto was a young man when he learned in 1890 that these lovely "Tears of the Moon" resulted from the accidental invasion of minute foreign matter into the sensitive membranes of oysters. Protecting itself, the oyster secretes nacre in a series of thin layers, which eventually solidify into pearls.

Convinced that the irritation could

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From Ago Bay, home of the cultured pearl, come most of the world's sea-gems.

be purposely induced by man with the same result, Mikimoto hurried to his home at Toba, and there, in the calm waters, he bedded his first oysters, carefully inserting into each a grain of sand.

Then he sat back to wait patiently for Nature, his partner, to complete the miracle. But she did not. Instead, she made him wait three fruitless years, and then she destroyed most of his crop with an invasion of red tide, the poisonous microorganisms of the sea.

Not until 1893 was Mikimoto able to produce his first gem, a strangely semispherical pearl. He knew then that he was on the right track. His only puzzle was the mystery of the perfectly shaped pearl.

Before he was allowed to discover that, he suffered again a crushing defeat under another red-tide invasion in 1905. It was then, while examining his thousands of dead oysters, that he found his first perfect pearls. He observed that the irritants he had inserted against the inside shell had somehow slipped into the mantle lobe, there to be evenly coated by nacre on all sides.

By turning the accident into a new process, Kokichi Mikimoto developed his now-famous cultured pearls which, as beautiful as the natural pearl but much cheaper, have found their way to castles and cottages around the world.

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Now more than 90 years old, Kokichi Mikimoto has "raised" pearls since 1890. When his pearls first appeared in Europe, enraged jewelers said they were false. Biological tests, however, proved they were actually genuine, though artificially induced. Proudly, Mikimoto continued to advertise them as "cultured" for distinction.

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Still a sprightly and active businessman, Mikimoto frequently entertains his staff with Japanese juggling. His pearl divers are women, most of them over 40. Considered better divers than men, they wear cyclops goggles and white suits, and remain under water at four fathoms from 25 to 40 seconds at a time. When Japan entered World War II, the cultured pearl industry was not considered essential, and therefore suffered accordingly. The Occupation Government has since encouraged the pearl growers to re-enter world trade, and shipping has been resumed.

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With a surgeon's skill, technicians insert pellets of mother-of-pearl into the oyster's delicate mantle lobe. About four years later, the oyster produces a pearl distinguishable from a natural pearl only by experts. The delicate pellet insertion was developed by Mikimoto in 1905.

In sorting, the pearls are placed in trays according to size. World War II slashed Japan's 365 pearl farms to some 160, but the industry is now slowly getting back on its feet. Mikimoto is the biggest producer. Many of his competitors are ex-employees whom he taught the trade.

Sorted pearls are strung before passing to final tests. In his early days, Mikimoto lost many pearls to preying octopuses and eels. He overcame the threat by building wire-mesh cages which could be easily lowered or raised. Current changes can also endanger the cultures.

Final classification of pearls for shape and luster is made by skilled experts. Mikimoto's current best customers are GI's stationed in Japan. They provided him with the important American dollars that he needed when he returned his pearls to world-wide distribution.

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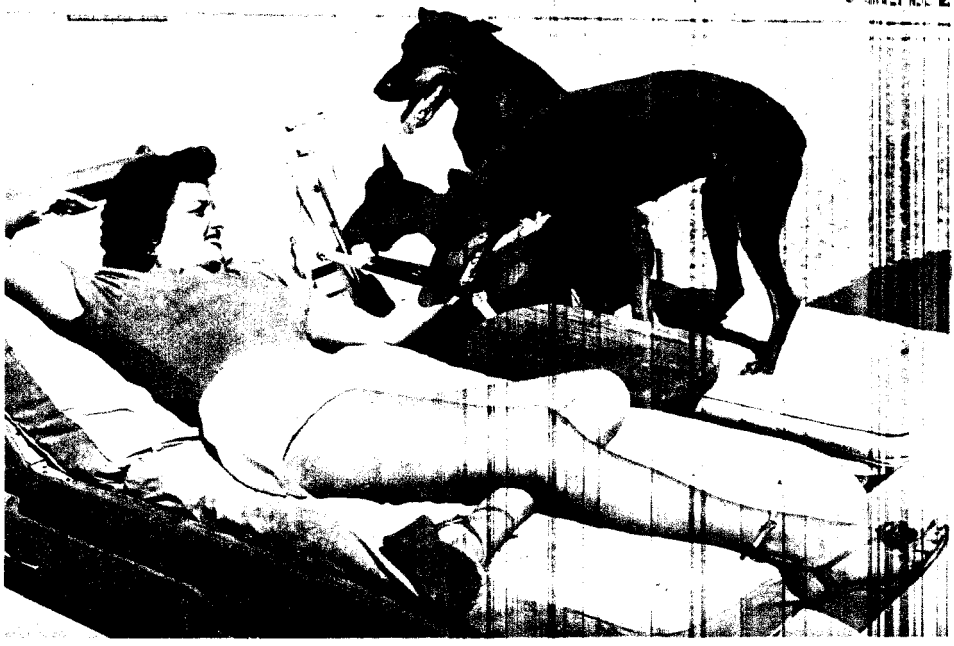

Jane Russell's two-year-old Dobermans are bred from animals that have been in her husband's family for many years.

PETS ON TRIAL

ALTHOUGH THE DOGS of Hollywood stars seldom lack room for roaming or bones for gnawing, their lives are not exclusively fun and frolic. Like their famous owners, they have almost no privacy: when Gregory Peck's Alsatian shepherd, Flip, gave birth to a litter of 13 puppies, her picture appeared in newspapers across the country. They have no dignity: should a dog want to visit his master or mistress on a movie set, he must sit well out of camera range and exercise a constant restraint against an unrehearsed bark, or suffer the ignominy of being chased. Even in Hollywood, it's still a dog's life.

Razor meets the postman each morning, carries mail and newspapers to master Clifton Webb, poses in his spare time.

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Lackadaisical Tripoli is usually found where someone is most apt to trip over him. Maureen O'Hara is his mistress.

Eve Arden's Nipper likes to chase a ball down the steps leading to the swimming pool, then catch it just before it falls in.

Gregory Peck insists that his Alsatian shepherds get more publicity than any other non-acting canines in Hollywood.

Bambi, the older of Joan Bennett's two poodles, is allowed in her mistress' chair only when it is covered by a towel.

When Betty Grable commands, "Close the door, Pumpkin," the larger poodle charges it, slams it shut with its head.

Uncle Remus came to the Bergens as a Valentine gift, now is a constant companion to Edgar's daughter Candy.

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Samaritan in the Jungle

To instill a sense of values in the natives, Dr. Harley asked payment of one chicken for two years of medical care, establishing what is probably the world's most unusual health-insurance program. Later, he changed the biennial fee to a shilling, and now has 50,000 patients.

DURING HIS BOYHOOD in a North Carolina Methodist parsonage, George W. Harley first read of the exciting adventures of Dr. Livingstone, Africa's famed medical missionary. In 1926, Dr. Harley, accompanied by his wife, plunged into the jungles of Liberia to the remote town of Ganta, there to follow the steps of his childhood idol.

In the 25 years since then, the Harleys have expanded Ganta from a somber cluster of native huts to a busy community of a school, clinic, construction shops, and separate villages for their patients, and they have aided the government in hours of dangerous epidemics.

The natives, who for many centuries turned to their tribal witch doctors for cures, now look to Dr. Harley and his miracles of science, education, and Christianity.

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Treatment of leprosy is one of Dr. Harley's greatest challenges. During World War II, when his clinic ran out of chaulmoogra oil, used in treating leprosy, he developed a medicant from native products and used it with equal success. He usually has some 250 lepers to treat.

Besides building a school for the Ganta natives, Dr. Harley designed a hospital for the Liberian Government which has been named after him. He also produced the first accurate map of Liberia, planned many of its roads, aided in epidemics, and was named District Health Officer.

Dr. Harley refers to Ganta as his "secondhand" mission. Most of his equipment had been discarded by others, then rebuilt for mission use. Skilled in mechanics, carpentry, and ceramics, Dr. Harley has passed his talents on to the natives to improve their living standards.

Witch-doctor masks given to him by the natives were presented by Dr. Harley to Harvard University. Of more value to the Harleys has been the friendship and loyalty they have won through their unselfish dedication to the physical and spiritual well-being of the natives.

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Locating the ringing bell is one of the baby's earliest indications of normality.

At 28 weeks, this baby is rather ahead of her schedule in knowing how to pull.

A bright child, she has already learned to roll over to move closer to the rattle.

How Bright Is YOUR CHILD?

THROUGH TESTS now given in several leading children's hospitals, you can have your baby's mental and physical development determined long before he outgrows the crib age. So reliable are the tests that children at the New York Foundling Hospital must pass them before adoption approval.

The child's maturity (Development Quotient) is decided by the way the youngster reacts to the various tests compared to what is considered normal for his age. From years of experiments, pediatricians have learned to measure the normality of infants as young as four weeks. Not only do the tests take into consideration the baby's alertness, awareness, and, at later key ages, its ability to think, but its physical control is an important factor in deciding the D. Q.

Though a baby of four weeks will normally let its head sag when held in a sitting position, at 16 weeks its head should be steady. Variances at either age may indicate abnormalities, and the examiners attempt to apply correctives.

The success of the tests depends greatly on the patience and observation of the examiners. From the work of these pediatricians has come increased knowledge of the human mind in its first years. With this understanding, they have provided mankind with methods to prepare today's children for happier and well-adjusted futures.

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Blocks are introduced early in the examinations. At first, the tots rarely do more than look at them or lift one at a time. When they reach the age of this child—22 months—they follow instructions to pile them into columns. Doctors rate children only after several tests covering months of gradual development.

Unable to retrieve the pellet with her hand, the average two-year-old baby inverts the jar and lets the pellet roll out. Tiredness, boredom, or illness may result in unsatisfactory reactions, but the skilled examiners recognize this and patiently repeat the examinations at later sessions when the baby is interested.

Having watched the examiner place blocks into holes on the form board, the child is willing to try it herself. Normal children between 24 and 30 months need about four tries to insert the forms correctly. The use of either the left or the right hand is not a factor in determining a child's normality, scientists maintain.

Examiners will look for the child to reproduce a straight line at 18 months; six months later, they'll test for circles. Doctors concede that the tests are not rigid standards and they warn experimenting mothers not to become excited when an easily distracted child does not respond to the examinations as expected.

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Because of the dangers of cave-crawling, participants must sign waivers releasing club from responsibility. Underground tunnels hold constant threats of cave-ins.

As precautions, the Spelunkers always carry three sources of light: gaslights on their helmets, flashlights, and candles.

CAVE CRAWLERS

BENEATH THE SURFACE of the United States is a vast labyrinth of caves which is fast becoming a new pleasure land. Most of us will probably never see a square inch of it, but to a growing organization of cave-crawlers—the National Speleological Society—the caverns offer a new challenge.

Once reserved as the adventures of explorers and scientists, cave-crawling is now the hobby of hundreds of nature-loving amateurs who are called Spelunkers.

Organized nation-wide into small groups known as "Grottoes," the Spelunkers frequently crawl into caves where no man has ever been before. Pioneers in a rapidly spreading pastime, they join scientists who for centuries have searched for the ancient secrets of the planet hidden far underground.

Spelunking attracts enthusiastic mountain climbers, because the cave-crawling hobby presents many similar challenges.

Organized nationally, cave-crawlers have done much to chart new caverns and gain important flora and fauna data.

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Duke Ellington Selects: THE BEST IN JAZZ

JAZZ CAME from the people. It is as natively American as the New Orleans delta-land and the Chicago honky-tonks which it painted so vividly in words and music. Yet jazz, born of the resonant thump of jungle drums and the piercing wail of a boatmen's chorus, was woven into the American fabric when our nation was still a wilderness.

Not long ago, most of us looked askance at the often wild, sometimes cacophonic music that was finding its voice on Basin and Beale Streets. Then men like Jelly Roll Morton and Bix Beiderbecke gave it truth and meaning. They made it possible for Benny Goodman and Stan Kenton to play concerts in Carnegie Hall. They made it clear that jazz, an authentic folk music stamped "Made in America," was part of our growth.

Of all jazz musicians who link yesterday's ragtime with today's dance music, Duke Ellington is the dean. In his 27 years as a pianist and composer, the Duke has played alongside every great brass, reed, and rhythm man of his day. Now, he picks those music makers who, "on the basis of their over-all contribution, their all-time record, consistently good performance, and love of music," constitute 1951's All-American jazz band.

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"Benny Goodman has virtuosity magnificently allied with inspired improvisation." His clarinet is inspiring on a dance floor or in a symphony orchestra. Duke's alto-sax choice is Johnny Hodges.

In 1947, an expert affirmed, "There isn't any possibility of uncertainty about who's the greatest living jazz artist. It's Louis and only Louis." Trumpetman Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong was born in New Orleans. He learned to play the bugle in a home for boys, and by the time he was 18, his hot trumpet was known all the way from Basin Street to the Mississippi. "Louis has grown up with jazz," says Ellington, "and he represents the very essence of the solo artist."

In one year, Coleman Hawkins, Ellington's tenor-sax selection, made music on more phonograph records than any other recording musician. "The 'Hawk' was the first great tenor-sax instrumentalist and is still at the very top of the heap."

"I'm torn between the sentimental gentleness of Dorsey and the magic translucency of Brown." Duke Ellington gives equal honors on the trombone to the Sentimental Gentleman, Tommy Dorsey *(above, left)*, and to Lawrence Brown.

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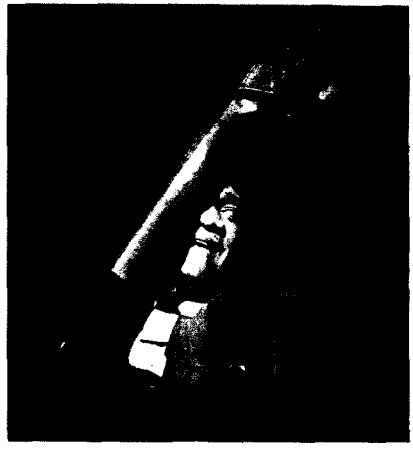
"Bing Crosby, long an institution among American romantic baritones, is easily distinguishable as Mr. Music in that department." Ex-band vocalist, movie and radio star, the Groaner owes it all to a magic delivery of "Boo, boo, boo." "In the vocalizing field, Frank Sinatra figures strong, too, and the great Mr. B., Billy Eckstine, of the newer, younger crop, threatens to inherit Bing's throne in the not-too-distant future. His tonal quality and vibrato are unique."

"The styles of Sarah Vaughan *(above)*, Ella Fitzgerald, and Lena Horne are completely different. I'll never forget the impact with which I heard each of them for the first time." A dead heat.

"Django Reinhardt combines a beautiful and hauntingly romantic gypsy quality with the true spirit of jazz. His wonderful turn with us through Europe was a most exciting and revealing experience for every other member of the band."



Duke Ellington says of Oscar Pettiford *(above)*: "Pettiford has recently switched to cello. His cello is mellow, but on bass he's still the ace." The Duke's choice on violin is Raymond Nance, "an imaginative creator of great melodic mood."

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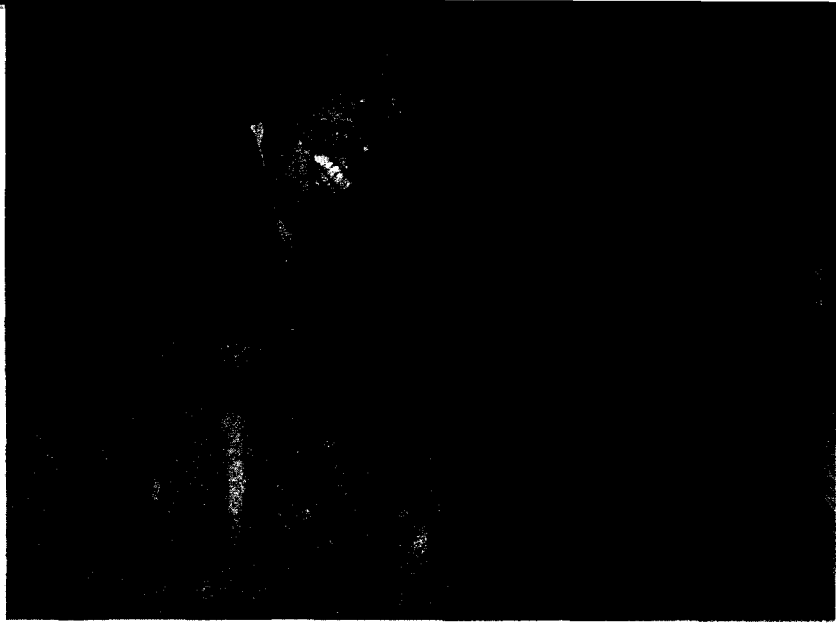
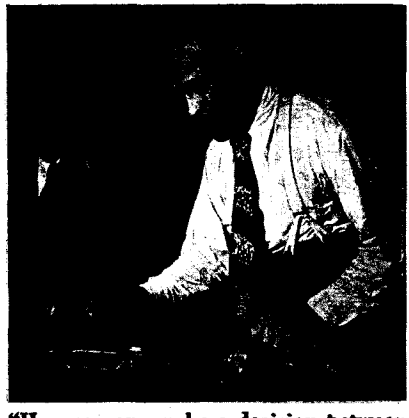


Gene Krupa is an alumnus of that great Benny Goodman band that also produced such musical giants as Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Roy Eldridge, and Teddy Wilson. It was Krupa's vibrant beat that helped make *Sing, Sing, Sing* and *And the Angels Sing* best-selling records for a decade. "Gene Krupa set the pattern for many drummers in the Swing Era and has had a vital and valuable influence."

Art Tatum is blind. But, as one critic put it, when Tatum played, "there wasn't anyone else that belonged in the same hall with him." Duke Ellington concurs: "Art Tatum is the man who makes me want to close up my piano forever—or perhaps just turn it over to him for life."



"How can one make a decision between the wonderful subtlety and finesse of Red Norvo and the thrilling personality and drive of Lionel Hampton *(above)*? We are fortunate that they have both given so much to music. On the vibraharp, I vote another dead heat."

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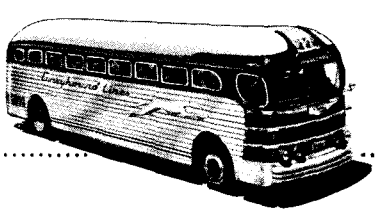

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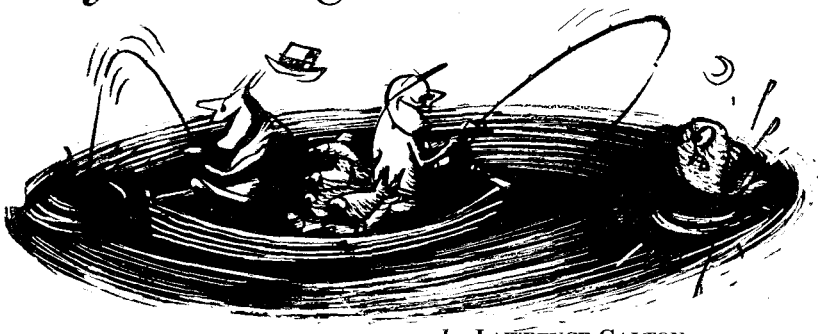
Brookline's Prophet of Things to Come



by LAWRENCE GALTON

Frank Andersen's uncanny forecasts are as good as ready cash to a lot of people

EVER SINCE the Delphic oracle's prophetic utterances were interpreted by ancient high priests, assorted seers have been busy peering ahead; but none has ever tried to penetrate the future on such a grand scale as Frank A. Andersen, who today is just about the world's hottest citizen with a prediction.

In Brookline, Massachusetts, Andersen not only forecasts major trends on the stock and commodity markets as much as 26 months in advance (and this with startling accuracy)—he also puts a prophetic finger on the best times to go fishing, issuing hour-to-hour predictions months ahead for use all over the U. S. and Canada.

Recently a commercial trawler fleet tested Andersen's fish divining in a series of runs off New England. The result: 93 per cent accuracy. Beamed over nearly 60 radio stations during 1950, the forecasts, cynically greeted at first, finished by delighting sportsmen. Andersen also issues uncannily accurate pronouncements on the best time for hunting.

And that isn't all. Along with the long-range stock and commodity forecasts, which cost as much as $3,000 for a two-year period, Andersen's big-business clients have been getting an extra dividend: "Mass Psychology Time Tables." These are hour-to-hour predictions, months in advance, of the times when most people will be psychologically positive or negative.

According to the evidence which Andersen can stack up for you at the drop of a doubt, the tables have been put to such important uses as determining the propitious moment for sending out a direct-mail campaign, signing a contract, sitting down to creative thinking, and making important executive deci-

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sions. But they would be equally useful, Andersen feels, to the salesman who would like to know when, tomorrow, the odds will most favor closing a sale with a tough prospect, or to the teen-ager who is dying to know whether an afternoon or evening date will be more successful.

Although he has been issuing financial forecasts since 1931, Andersen first came to widespread notice when, in July, 1945, he predicted in a letter to 400 business firms, newspapers, and radio newscasters that "August 11, 12, 13, and 14 will be vital days. The stock market will decline."

Exactly why, Andersen didn't claim to know; but he announced it could be that the drop would be caused by Russia's entry into the war or Japan's capitulation. (Russia declared war on the 8th, and on the 14th Japan surrendered.)

Since he made no secret of the fact that his peerings into the future involved lunar motion ("But it's not astrology!"), Andersen's prediction was greeted scornfully as "moon-gazing." By mid-August, however, most of the commentators, as one business journal noted, "had the unhappy feeling that when they studied finance and history, they should have been out in their back yards with telescopes."

Andersen calls his method "a science of effects, not of causes," by which he means that his charts project in the future what has actually happened in the past. To produce a year's Mass Psychology Time Tables, for example, requires 525,000 calculations. And the tables contain no ifs, ands, or buts. On them, on the hunting and fishing forecasts, on the stock and commodity predictions, you get a chart with a curve. The prediction is the curve. And Andersen stands or falls on it.

Nor is he, on the whole, mysterious about how he does it. His sources of information, he says, are available to anyone. So are his basic premises and *modus operandi*—all of which may be a little more understandable if you work into them chronologically.

BESPECTACLED, brown-eyed, and baldish, Andersen, whose mien is more professional than oracular, was born 56 years ago in Somerville, Massachusetts, the son of a Norwegian sea captain. Graduating from the University of Massachusetts in 1916, he served in World War I as a naval aviator, afterward went into business in Boston and, until 1930, had his own prospering investment firm.

Cleaned out by the crash, Andersen decided that something had to be done to anticipate such debacles. So he haunted the offices of investment publications and squatted patiently before stock boards until he became obsessed by one observation: that prices of securities begin to advance or decline at a certain hour and minute of the trading day; that the action continues for a period of time, then stops.

What causes this sudden crystallization of positive or negative psychology? Obviously, it is the action of men, widely separated, which, when taken collectively, creates market activity up or down. Was there, behind all this, some cosmic force that acted on mass psychology?

The seasons are measured by the

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relationship of sun to earth; day and night by the sun's motion in relation to the earth; tides by motion of the moon. Could there be some link between mass psychology and planetary motion?

For most of 1930, Andersen busied himself with masses of figures. He took the Dow-Jones Industrial Averages for 3 P.M. each day, noted the plus or minus change from the preceding day, and correlated the change with the position of the moon at 3 P.M.

"Sure enough," he explains, "there emerged a pattern that hits you in the face. Whenever the moon repeated its exact position in relation to the earth, the Dow-Jones averages repeated their previous plus or minus action." By October, 1930, Andersen put out his first forecast chart, projecting the stock-market trend for 1931. It took until May 1, 1931, before he sold a chart for $30 to the head of a conservative Boston trustee firm.

The chart showed a rise for June. When June came, the market actually did advance about 35 points. The impressed trustee advanced Andersen $700 to keep the wolf from the door.

By 1934, through the acquisition of additional statistical data, Andersen could claim that all personal opinion was gone from the charts and they were strictly mathematical. One of his most interesting predictions was proved true in August, 1939. With war imminent, financial experts contended that conditions would be bad for a period. Instead, prices in all markets advanced rapidly at the outbreak of war, just as Andersen's chart, made a year before, had indicated.

Somewhat discomfited, the experts began to admit that maybe Andersen had something. His clients grew in number.

Then and now, the charts are of no value to speculators. As Andersen emphasizes to clients and to skeptics who want to know why he himself hasn't made a billion, they are accurate only in predicting long-term trends—and these for the whole market. In 1946, he began to figure that if motion of the planets affects stock-market changes, why wouldn't such motion affect all human activities? So he drew up an experimental set of charts called "Mass Psychology Time Tables." They would, he hoped, show from hour to hour whether mass psychology is moving up or down.

MOBILIZE FOR MERCY
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Investigating a series of hunting accidents, he found that in each case the trend line was down at the time of the mishap. A survey of major plane, auto, and fire disasters, made with the help of insurance companies, showed that 86 per cent of the accidents had also occurred when the trend was down.

ANDERSEN PROCEEDED from trend charts to fishing forecasts via a happy accident. In 1946, he was vacationing at a Maine camp with Joel Rockwell, a fishing enthusiast. On a hunch, Andersen suggested:

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"Joel, go out tomorrow between 7 A.M. and 7 P.M. and you'll get plenty of big fish."

Rockwell pointed out that good fishing at the lake came in June and July. But when he returned next evening, he reported in some wonderment that he got his first bite at 7:15 and in 40 minutes had caught four beautiful bass.

Andersen was as amazed as Rockwell. He had based his hunch on the mass-psychology table, but he really had no conviction that the biting habits of fish would conform, like a lot of human habits, to a cosmic force.

In March, 1949, Andersen forecast that between noon on March 25th and noon on the 26th, fishing trawlers would hit a jackpot. In that single day, giant catches of New Bedford and Gloucester boats ranged up to 195,000 pounds.

In February, 1949, a radio station in Vernon, Texas, put on the first fishing-forecast broadcast. By midsummer, 56 stations in 36 states, four Canadian provinces, and the Philippine Islands were sending out the tips.

Andersen maintains working headquarters in a chart-lined, eight-room apartment in Brookline. He has a staff of eight assistants there, while in downtown Boston he keeps a battery of calculating machines busy doing the detailed calculations for various forecasts.

Andersen likes to sum up his work by pointing to history. We take it for granted now, he says quietly, that tides are affected by the moon. Yes, but the original work which indicated the relationship was done back in 1609, and relatively ignored until two centuries later, when somebody figured the mathematical equations that made it possible to predict the inflow, outflow, or current of water at any given place by means of lunar attraction.

"What I'm doing," says the Brookline prophet, "is to figure out with equations a lot of other kinds of tides—hunting tides and fishing tides and human tides."

Frank Andersen has said all along that he is a scientist, not a seer—and now people are beginning to believe him.

Pride Is Where You Find It

IN THE ALABAMA STATE Capitol, where I am employed, the porters are "trusties" from the Kilby Prison. For several years, my office porter was a preacher; he was well-behaved, faithful to duty, and had earned his parole.

Before leaving, he brought his successor, whom he introduced as "one of my very best deacons."

Then he straightened to full height, and proudly added: "We're gettin' some mighty good men in Kilby these days."

—MRS. W. J. BALDWIN

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Maidenly Misdemeanor

FOLLOWING her divorce from Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford finally grew fed up on seeing the initial T on all her towels. She went on vacation and instructed her maid to pull the T's out of every piece of linen during her absence. The maid was practically on the last towel when, turning on the radio, she heard the announcement that Joan had just married Phil Terry.

"No, no!" moaned the maid. "If she thinks I'm going to put all those T's back, she's crazy!"

—HEDDA HOPPER

A WEALTHY society woman had just engaged a new maid and was instructing her in the duties of waiting on table.

"At dinner, Mary," she explained, "you must remember always to serve from the left and take the plates from the right. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl condescendingly. "I understand, but what's the matter, are you superstitious or something?"

—LEWIS & FAYE COPELAND

WHEN A LOCAL woman went on a vacation last summer, she let her cook have one, too, leaving her husband to "bach" it, as it was decided it would be better if he got his meals out.

Before departing—to the woman's intense embarrassment—the cook put all of the empty milk bottles on the porch with this note: "Please don't leave no more milk. The lady of the house is away, and the gentleman, he drinks out."

—*Times-Picayune Publishing Co.*

"WHY HAVE I only just now received this letter?" the mistress demanded of her pert little Irish maid. "It was postmarked over a week ago."

"Well, you see, ma'am, the postman and meself had a bit of a tiff," explained the girl archly, "and we only made up this morning."

—S. ULLMAN

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Have Fathers Neglected Their Jobs?

by HENRY LEE

There's a healthy moral in this story of a parent who realized he was denying his children the companionship they craved

ONE RECENT NIGHT, as I arrived home on my regular commuters' train, an excited little figure in green-striped dress was standing tiptoe on an empty baggage truck, straining to look into each car as the train stopped. Then she saw me.

There was a flash of green through the crowd, and my older daughter, Katherine, aged 11, was in my arms. "Why, Daddy, you don't look a bit different!" she exclaimed.

That night I asked my wife what Katherine had meant. "Nothing special," my wife said. "It's just that she hasn't seen you to really talk to since Sunday morning."

"Why, that's silly!" I told her. "I haven't been on a trip or anything. It's just been the regular 9-to-5 grind."

But was it silly? I thought back. Sunday afternoon I had played golf, getting home after the children were in bed. Monday evening, there had been a club meeting, and Tuesday night friends came over for cards, which meant the children were sent upstairs right after dinner.

Katherine was right, I realized. It had been more than three days since I had seen the children except briefly at breakfast and dinner.

The way it is with most fathers, my routine of work and living just doesn't jibe with theirs. We meet momentarily before school in the morning; evenings I may see them briefly, except for the nights that I am out or friends are in. Week ends are similarly taken up, so, all in all, in my own home I am the rather mysterious creature who comes and goes and, only on special occasions, pauses to play with the children.

I am no expert on the changing American scene, but something that was said recently by the Rev. Sheldon Rahn, director of the Detroit Council of Churches Social Service Department, rang uncomfortably true to me:

"A son may go off to the Boy Scouts, a daughter to the Campfire Girls, a father to bowl, a mother to her women's group—and the family may not see itself complete

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except at dinnertime and early in the morning."

If what I see about me among my friends and neighbors is any indication of a trend, this *unbalanced* family life and particularly the half-time fatherhood of today can be disastrous.

Michael, a hesitant, black-haired boy in my 11-year-old's class, wasn't doing well in school, though his parents provided him with a tutor and encouraged him to participate in adult-guided activities. At playtime he kept to himself, a forlorn little figure.

Finally, through a casual remark of my daughter, I learned his trouble. "Michael hasn't seen *his* father in a whole week," she said smugly.

"I have, too," retorted Michael. "I looked in this morning while he was sleeping."

His father, an ambitious man in his mid-thirties, is working day and night to realize on his big opportunity in television. He simply has no time for the boy. I don't know what the psychologists would say, but I think Michael is plain lost and lonely for his father.

Then there is Joan, a loud and aggressive neighborhood nuisance. Neither parents nor children along the block like her. The other day, talking to her father, a salesman who covers South America for his firm, I think I found the reason for her behavior.

He was telling me enthusiastically about the distance he can now travel by plane. "In the old days, I used to be so exhausted after a trip that I would hang around home for a week or so," he said. "Now I get in Sunday nights—and I'm out again Wednesdays."

No doubt about it, television, planes and our other inventions are grand, but they are taking fathers further away from home. While we strain to give our children the material things, we may be robbing them of something far more important—our companionship.

BY CONTRAST, I think of George, a sturdy little redhead who is the best athlete (and a pretty good scholar, too) in our grammar school. His father, I know, isn't wealthy or even particularly ambitious. In fact, he makes $80 a week, as he told me in explaining why he had recently turned down a chance at a day's overtime weekly, at time and a half.

"At my wages, that would be $24, which is pretty good money," he said. "But take out taxes and allow for high prices, and it isn't so much. In my own workshop at home, I can make the equivalent of that in toys for George—and have you ever heard the pride in a kid's voice when he says, 'My Daddy *made* this for me'?"

I thought of a few other fathers, too, who can't buy expensive dolls and scooters for their children, but more than make up for this in the time and thought they give to them. One man I know always has a trinket when I meet him on my train. Nothing expensive—a balloon or a geegaw from the ten-cent store—but it tells the child his father has remembered him.

Still another invariably sets aside Saturdays to be with the children. He can't afford television or summer camp for them, but once a week they know he will be with them, maybe to play ball or go to

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the beach or just roast hot dogs in the back yard.

These fathers, I have noticed, don't spoil their children. Usually, it is the half-time fathers who are "soft" parents, trying to bribe their children with presents in lieu of their own time and attention.

I doubt that it will work. Certainly it is more than coincidence that the cry-baby boys and over-demanding girls in my children's set are those with part-time fathers.

With some dismay, I realized not long ago that I am one of those half-time fathers. I proved it to myself in about 20 minutes by drawing up a new kind of weekly budget.

I found that I have 112 waking hours at my disposal. Of these, 40 are spent at work, and I probably waste five more worrying and talking about my work at home.

I spend another five hours or so going to and from work, and I take up probably five more hours keeping posted on sports and current events. I give five or six hours to recreation, and spend more hours in eating, visiting, attending meetings, writing letters. In all, I estimated, the total time "spent" these ways came to more than 106 hours.

And what is left for the children? They get some six hours of attention from me weekly—less than six per cent of my living!

Ask any father what he wants most out of life, and he will look at you in surprise. Obviously, he wants a good home and security for the children; the chance to send them to college; the happiness and pride in shaping healthy, balanced, educated Americans. And he will give his time—*too much of his time*—working to that end. Yet, unconsciously, he is expecting a 100 per cent return on a six per cent investment. It can't be done!

Once he honestly takes stock of himself, he will *make* time for the children, as I am trying to do now, before the gulf widens beyond all bridging. The children don't ask me for much, I have found, other than the simple, eternal verities of childhood—to throw a ball and teach them to catch one, to fly a kite or mend a broken toy.

Surely, their joy is out of all proportion to my not-so-important time. And meanwhile, it isn't hurting me, I have discovered, to be a child again for a certain number of hours each week.

Crossing the Line

A Manhattan minister suggests that a Bowery bum is just someone who tried too hard to be a man of distinction.

—*Changing Times*

Low Cost of Living (Answers to quiz on page 89)

1. b; 2. a; 3. b; 4. a; 5. c; 6. c; 7. b; 8. a; 9. c; 10. a.

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Sir Arthur Says:

I LIKE PICTURES that have a happy ending. The other day I saw one that didn't have a happy ending. But it didn't matter—everyone was happy when it ended anyhow.

AS UNCOMFORTABLE as a ham sandwich in a room filled with unemployed musicians.

I SAW A WESTERN MOVIE where a cowboy kills three Indians with one bullet—he uses carbon paper.

THEY RELEASED one of my records to the waiting public, only to discover that that wasn't what the public had been waiting for.

I SPOTTED THIS in *Billboard:* "Wanted. Understudy for human cannon ball. Must be willing to travel."

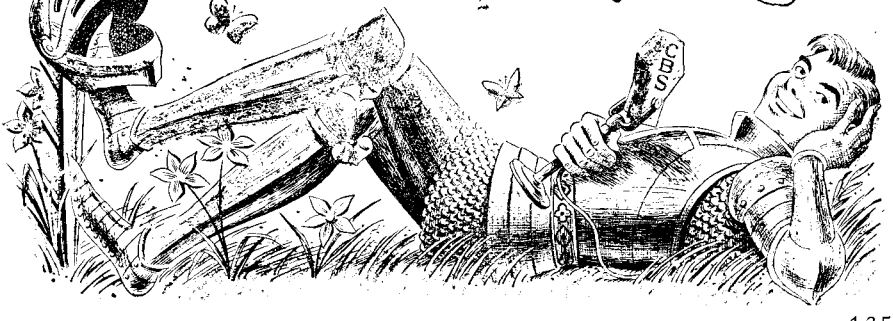
I BOUGHT MY WIFE a new spring outfit—a package of seeds and a rake.

A FRIEND OF MINE sent his wife and kid off on a vacation, then discovered that she'd taken the only key to the mailbox. So he wired her—and she mailed him the key.

ONE THIRD OF America's women are trying to lose weight. Another third are trying to gain weight. The other third are trying to take what they've got and shove it around.

ON TELEVISION I feel about as natural as Faye Emerson in a turtle-neck sweater.

Arthur Godfrey



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The Mysterious Sea

by FERDINAND C. LANE

The facts about the world's vast ocean areas are almost too startling to believe

THE SEA, GREATEST and most important physical feature of our planet, covers more than two-thirds of the earth's surface, governs its climate, and was the original source of life on land.

The average depth is two and a third miles, the average height of the land slightly more than half a mile. Thus, if all the continents were cast into the sea, they would form only submerged plateaus, for there is enough water to flood the globe to a depth of more than a mile and a half.

Where the continents meet the ocean, the land shelves out gradually, but at depths of about 600 feet these sea prairies terminate and plunge to the ocean floor. In the Bay of Biscay, for example, the slope is steeper than the sides of the Matterhorn, famed Alpine peak.

In some places the flatness of the continental shelves is broken by extraordinary submerged canyons. One of the most precipitous lies off Monterey, California, where, within a few miles, soundings dip from 300 to 8,400 feet. The Grand Canyon of Colorado is neither so steep nor so abysmal as this chasm.

Three-quarters of the ocean area is at least two miles deep; half is three miles or better. Occasional abysses exceed six miles. Of special interest are volcanic peaks that do not show through the surface.

There is one off the California coast 7,000 feet high with a crater 500 feet deep, yet no one has seen it, for its peak lies half a mile beneath the waves. Indeed, the world's highest mountain is really Mauna Kea in Hawaii; though partially submerged, it towers some 30,000 feet above the ocean floor.

Even more mysterious are the

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gigantic abysses, which are variously named basins, troughs, trenches, and deeps. They *are* deep, too. The lowest discovered so far in the Atlantic is the Milwaukee Deep off Haiti, 30,246 feet. But the Pacific has the profoundest chasms. In the Mindanao Deep, off the Philippines, a fathometer registered 35,400 feet. Were Mt. Everest dumped into that enormous sink, sounding devices would have to probe more than a mile of water to touch its inaccessible crest.

WHAT WOULD THE OCEAN FLOOR look like if we could see it? Everywhere we would find a many-colored sediment, the dust of aeons settled on the bottom. Some of this is volcanic mud, since many volcanoes that never emerge above the surface erupt on to the ocean floor. Ooze flutters downward constantly in all colors. There is enough on the ocean floor to cover all the continents and islands, with millions of square miles to spare.

Meteoric iron, the star dust of outer space, has also been dredged from the deeps, together with queer nodules of manganese peroxide. These encrust the ear bones of whales and the teeth of giant sharks which swam the seas millions of years ago.

All the seas are salty, but the saltiest of the major oceans is the Atlantic, especially near the Equator. Least salty are waters round the two Poles. The saltiest of all is the Red Sea, hemmed in by burning deserts and under rapid evaporation. Freshest of all is the Baltic.

The mightiest rivers are not on land, but in the sea. Beside the great currents, the Amazon is merely a brook. They keep the oceans from becoming vast, stagnant lakes, and profoundly affect the continents. Because of them, winter roses bloom in Oregon and daffodils in Cornwall, England. Because of them, drought parches the deserts of South Africa and the rainless coast of Peru.

Greatest of the ocean currents is the Gulf Stream. Off the coast of Yucatan, it sometimes flows faster than five miles an hour. Past the Florida Capes it carries nearly two billion tons of water a minute, a majestic torrent 40 miles wide sweeping clear to the bottom—about 3,000 feet—at a speed of 60 to 100 miles a day.

At Cape Hatteras, it has broadened to 50 miles, slackened speed to from 50 to 73 miles a day, but it still hurries along more than ten cubic miles of water every hour.

Ocean currents have neither source nor mouth. The Gulf Stream does not rise in the Gulf of Mexico: it merely hurries through on a continuing journey. Every drop that passes the Florida Capes is replaced by water from south or east.

Mere surface patterns, however, reveal very little of the turmoil underneath. Water seeks a level—but never finds it, for something is always unsettling it. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico, for example, are actually about eight inches higher than those of the outer Atlantic. So one reason the Gulf Stream is in such a hurry is because it is running downhill!

Currents may be charted in different ways. Sometimes colors reveal them, often temperatures. A classic example of temperatures is that of the U. S. Coast Guard cut-

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ter *Tampa*, which once paused long enough on the edge of the Gulf Stream to record a bow reading of 34 degrees, a stern of 56.

The tides are caused by the pull of the sun and moon on our planet, but this mighty rhythm is disrupted by the intrusion of land masses. In mid-ocean, tidal waters merely bob up and down or move in a great merry-go-round. Near shore they set up powerful currents.

At Manila, there is but one tide a day, instead of the customary two. The highest tides known are those in the Bay of Fundy. On Fundy shores, one may observe a three-masted schooner, stranded on a steep beach, float away on the next high water.

Where tides dredge the deepest ocean chasms, waves are a surface phenomenon. They have been reported up to a height of 100 feet, but gravity prevents their roaring much above that. However, they have incredible climbing power.

The Minots Light south of Boston, which stands 89 feet high, frequently is covered by crashing spray. The foghorn on Bishops Rock, in the Scilly Isles off Britain, has been torn away, although it rests more than 100 feet above sea level. In the Faeroe Islands, which receive the full fury of North Atlantic gales, a 40-ton rock was boosted by waves to a ledge 160 feet above sea level.

No matter how turbulent the sea's surface, 100 yards below all is comparatively calm. Here, however, pressure becomes a problem. Although it is imperceptible at the surface, pressure becomes 15 pounds to the square inch at a depth of only 33 feet. At 6,000 feet, it increases to 2,700 pounds. In the Mindanao Deep, it becomes more than *seven tons per square inch!* A Blue whale, could he dive that far, would be gripped by a vise-like force of millions of tons.

So terrific is this pressure that water, though nearly incompressible, is squeezed into reduced volume. Otherwise the surface of the ocean would rise nearly 100 feet to inundate great areas of upland.

Recorded specimens of deep-sea life have mostly been small; but huge hulks of flesh, 20 feet long and 40 feet in circumference, weighing many tons and unlike any creature known to man, have been washed ashore. These great hulks have given us our only fleeting glimpses of the strange and terrifying life that must live on the floor of the eternally mysterious sea.

Ah, Sweet Mystery of Industrial Output!

COMPARING the communistic to the democratic idea of the tender passion, a Soviet poet had this to say:

"In the Soviet Union there is no mystical or obscure treatment of love, such as decadent cosmopolitan poets use. We sing of how a young man falls in love with a girl because of her big industrial output."

—JACQUES PARQUES-VILLIERS

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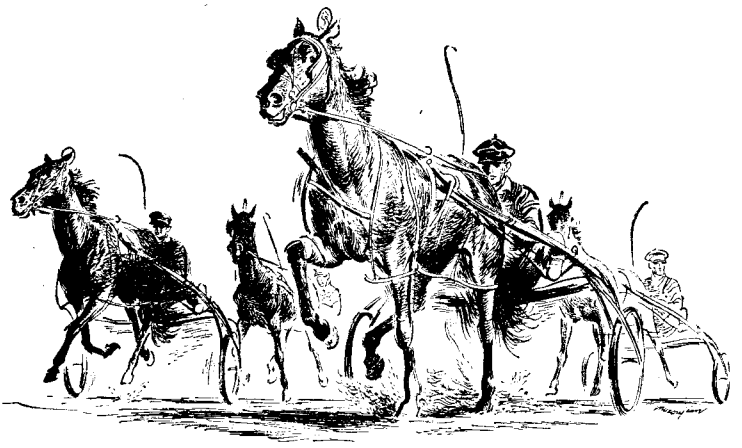

HAMBLETONIAN: HORSE OF DESTINY

by JEAN L. BURKE

Thanks to the tender care that produced a wondrous stallion, a great sport was born

BECAUSE AN IGNORANT stable hand a century ago lavished devotion and tender care on a pathetic, poorly bred colt, there was born a great sport which today enjoys the support of enthusiastic fans throughout the world.

Every year thousands of Americans pour through race-track turnstiles to cheer beautiful horses, pulling two-wheeled sulkies, as they trot gracefully around landscaped courses. And although sulky-pullers in America, Europe and Australia are separated by miles, oceans and customs, they are still closely related. Like spokes in a wheel, all reach back to a common hub.

That hub of champions is a wonder horse which was born 100 years ago and lived out his life in the small, quiet town of Chester, New York. The story of this wondrous stallion is one of fate, humble beginnings and American courage.

On the morning of May 5, 1849, a lame, 17-year-old mare dropped a foal in the shade of an oak knoll on the farm of Jonas Seeley, well-known trotting-horse breeder. At first, the mare had been known only as Charles Kent's mare, because Seeley had discovered her in the Manhattan stable of a butcher by that name.

Raising cattle for the New York

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market was Seeley's business, but horses were his real love. Any man of means in the 1800s owned a pair of good road horses—that is, horses that could trot. On the day that Seeley happened into Kent's stables, the butcher proudly pointed to his quick-stepping roadsters, and bragged of fast brushes with other trotters outside town where neither horse nor whip was spared.

Seeley listened quietly while looking over the animals with a breeder's practiced eye. Then he noticed a mare limping painfully to the feed trough. Upon examining her closely, Seeley was shocked to realize that the mare was no stranger but one his own father had bred some years before.

One hip sagged; ribs showed through a dusty coat. Seeley judged that mistreatment had injured her beyond repair. Turning to the butcher, he said coldly: "Name your price. I'm leaving for home and the mare goes with me!"

For seven years the maimed animal roamed the rolling meadowland of Seeley's Sugar Loaf Farm. She did no work. The horseman had been right: her injuries were permanent. But Seeley finally decided to breed her, and sell the offspring to earn back the $135 he had paid the butcher.

Now, seven years later, her fifth foal arrived. The first man to hold the wobbly newborn was a rough and taciturn stable hand named William Rysdyck. As the story was repeated in years following, Seeley said it must have been love at first sight for his strange helper. Rysdyck was seemingly lacking in sentiment, but on that May morning in 1849, when he caught a blinking, frightened colt in his arms, something happened to him.

While staring at the well-formed youngster, that same something must have struck him that later struck Leland Stanford, General Ulysses Grant and other notable men who traveled many miles to see the famous Hambletonian. They said there was something awe-inspiring about the majestic animal—something intangible that made men stand still when he was brought out.

Rysdyck ran a work-worn hand down the bony pin legs to the black stockings and white hoots. He looked intently at the set of the colt's head, the slight tilt of the hindquarters, and the star in the center of the forehead which legend says is a mark of fate. He turned wonderingly and said, "Mr. Seeley, this is the best colt ever born in Orange County! I never saw anything like him before—and neither did anyone else!"

Then, reddening in embarrassment over his enthusiasm, he abruptly started back across the field.

ALL SUMMER RYSDYCK fussed and cared for the weanling. Townsmen tittered, "You'd think the fool thing was a princeling and not sired by that mean, rat-tailed Abdallah that Seeley's brother had up here last year."

Abdallah, Hambletonian's sire, was a stallion rejected by Kentucky breeders because of his ugly shape and even uglier disposition. But scornful town talk never seemed to reach the silent Rysdyck—or if it did, he was usually too preoccupied to hear it. He was haunted by the thought that buyers coming

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in the fall would be sure to select the black-stockinged colt before all others. He couldn't sleep nights, he was too tired for work in the daytime.

If somehow he could only make the colt his own! He wondered if a bargain could be made with his employer. Rysdyck counted his savings, counted how much more could be borrowed. He was prepared to go as high as $100!

Seeley was a shrewd bargainer, but he knew what an animal could mean to a man. This colt was no different, to him, than hundreds of others he had bred. So he told the intense Rysdyck that he could have the foal if he would take the mare too. The price—$150.

Angry and discouraged, Rysdyck shuffled home that night. Clenching his fists as he walked the six miles to Chester, he determined to own that colt. Early next morning, a sullen Rysdyck knocked on the door of the big house.

"Mr. Seeley, I will offer $125. I can get that much money if you'll give me time to pay."

Seeley readily agreed to what seemed to be a fair bargain. And with that $125 transaction, the best horse-bargain in history was made. Rysdyck became the owner of the immortal Hambletonian, most famous trotting-horse sire America has ever known.

Hambletonian lived to be 27 years old. During the years of holding court in his stable palace behind Rysdyck's home in Chester, the famous sire revolutionized the sport of trotting racing and established a breed of horse so that today the words Standard-bred and Hambletonian-bred are synonymous.

The first years were difficult ones for Hambletonian's new owner. Rysdyck worked doubly hard—longer days, less sleep, more chores to pay for the colt and feed him. Still, he never repented the back-breaking purchase; but, like a hungry man spending his last quarter on a flower for his special girl, he ate less in order to outfit Hambletonian in white bridle and martingale for Orange County's annual fair.

Hambletonian won first prize, and local comment was all about Rysdyck and his colt—half on the foolishness of the man and half on the handsomeness of the horse. Next year, Hambletonian again took first honors for his age. Anxious now to get his stallion's career begun, Rysdyck offered the two-year-old's services free of charge.

In a countryside bristling with proven sires, jealousy was bound to spring up. It took the form of rumors that "Rysdyck's bull" was nothing but a show horse—and probably couldn't even trot. To disprove the rumors, Rysdyck took Hambletonian out on the road. In a month the stallion was trained to trot in harness and then went on to beat the record of the best trotter the countryside could offer.

In 1852, Hambletonian's first year in service, his fee was $25, with no breeder denied. When he died at 27, he commanded a $500 fee and only the finest mares in the country were accepted. Rysdyck, dour as ever, liked nothing better than imperiously turning away local horsemen who once had sneered at "The Dutchman's Bull."

In all, Hambletonian sired some 1,330 colts and fillies. They trotted

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the fastest miles the world had ever known, breaking records each time their hoofs touched turf. Other trotting families died out as Hambletonian's raced them from the tracks.

Today, America has the fastest harness horses in the world, through intense inbreeding of Hambletonian offspring. Every fall, auctions play host to buyers from Europe and Australia, who make the long trip across the seas in hope of picking up both racing and breeding stock. Every foreign horseman dreams of taking home a trotter equal to Greyhound, a fifth-generation Hambletonian, who is known as "The Great Gray Ghost," champion trotter of the world with a mile in 1:55¼.

In Europe in 1947, the ten fastest trotters were direct descendants of Rysdyck's bay colt. Eight of the ten had been imported since the war, and the other two were bred in Europe of American stock. Significantly enough, the countries these top trotters hailed from were Sweden and Italy, which have always been the most enthusiastic importers of American animals.

Hambletonian was buried in the stable yard in Chester. There, to mark his grave, stands a tall shaft of Missouri granite set back from the town's main street. But the millions of harness fans all over the world need no granite reminders of the magnificent horse.

Every August, the town of Goshen, New York, is host to a living memorial. There, just five miles from Chester, the country's finest three-year-olds salute the memory of their noble ancestor as they gallantly parade to the post in the world's greatest trotting classic, The Hambletonian.

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The Case of the Crewless Blimp

by WALTER W. BOYD

What strange fate overtook the two Navy men on the *L-8*? To this day no one knows

ON A CALM but overcast Sunday in August, 1942, two experienced officers took off on an anti-submarine patrol flight in the U. S. Navy blimp, *L-8*. They left the small advance base on Treasure Island, California, in the dim, early hours, and those watching the ship disappear into the haze never suspected that a few hours later she would present one of the baffling mysteries of World War II.

Her two-man crew, Lieutenant (jg) Cody and Ensign Adams, were in fine spirits that morning. After some 15 years in the Navy, Adams had finally been commissioned, and this was his first flight as an ensign. It made the patrol more than routine. As they flew low to investigate any surface or underwater abnormality, they waved to fishermen below.

When they passed over the entrance channel to San Francisco Bay, a few miles off Golden Gate Bridge, they were on the last two hours of their flight. Dotting the surface were the usual fishing craft, as well as two patrol boats, one Navy, the other Coast Guard. Suddenly, Cody noticed a smudge on the blue water. It was an oil slick, indicating the possible presence of a submarine. Cody circled and came in over it.

On board the patrol boats, all eyes were trained on the blimp, while the skippers ordered full speed ahead. The fishermen, too, hastened to get away, in case a depth charge should be dropped.

But, to the surprise of the watchers, the airship neither circled a second time nor bombed. Instead, she shot upward into the clouds. They never saw her again.

Continuing to rise, the *L-8* presently emerged from the cloud bank. For two and a half hours she drifted at 2,500 feet, and then, becoming heavy, began to fall.

On a beach near the Army Coast Artillery Patrol Station, two surf fishermen were casting. One glanced up and shouted at his

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companion. The blimp was falling on them, right out of the sky.

When she hit the beach, practically at their feet, they grabbed her tie lines and tried to hold her. The gondola door was open and they looked inside. She was empty!

The two men were not strong enough to hold their rambunctious captive. Torn from their hands, she skidded across the beach and was brought up short against a precipice. There the wind played ball with her, bouncing her against the stone wall, until the continued shocks loosened one of her 300-pound depth charges. When the charge dropped off, the ship, now light enough to ascend, soared above the cliff and disappeared.

About 15 minutes later, she landed gently in a street in Daly City, a suburb of San Francisco. Everything in the gondola was in perfect order, but for one thing—Lieutenant Cody and Ensign Adams were missing. They were never seen again on earth!

BACK AT SQUADRON headquarters on Moffett Field, Operations had been trying to raise the *L-8* by radio. The last word from Cody had been received at 7:50 A. M. when he had radioed, "Am investigating oil slick." There should have been a follow-up report on this investigation, but it did not come. Nor did his position report, due at 8 o'clock.

The blimp's persistent silence was attributed at first to the failure of its radio. No particular worry was felt at Headquarters, since the day was calm and Cody had not indicated any trouble.

However, as the minutes ticked by, Lt. Comdr. Watson, Squadron Commander, became increasingly puzzled. The atmosphere at the base grew tense; the men in the office were restless.

When the blimp failed to report at 9:30, as scheduled, Watson alerted all near-by ships and planes. Although Operations was worried, no one thought that Cody and Adams were in real danger. Both had had considerable lighter-than-air experience and would know what to do in case of trouble.

Then the first message came in. A plane pilot, flying above the cloud bank, had caught sight of the *L-8*, apparently out of control. He did not know if her crew were all right because, before he could get close enough to see, she had dropped into the clouds.

The second report was received an hour later from the Artillery Patrol Station, which declared that the *L-8* had landed, hit the precipice, and then disappeared.

"Any news of the crew?" Watson demanded.

"Two men jumped off when she hit the beach," came the reply.

With relief, the Commander settled back. He would go and bring her home when she finally came down. Meanwhile, he wondered why Cody and Adams had abandoned her—but their report would clear up the confusion.

Close on the heels of the Army message came a call from the Police Chief of Daly City. The *L-8* had made a perfect two-point landing in the street. Police and firemen had searched her thoroughly, even cutting into the helium envelope, but had found no one.

Watson assured the Police Chief

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that the men were safe and promised to come over immediately with a salvage crew. Before leaving, he called Navy Intelligence and asked them to check the vicinity for damage claims. Then he and the salvage crew left for Daly City.

While they were preparing the blimp for her journey back to base, Cody and Adams did not appear. Watson became increasingly impatient for their report, for it now was evident that the *L-8* was in perfect condition, and there seemed no reason why she should have been abandoned. The men had had sufficient time to come up from the beach.

Then Watson was called to the phone. It was Navy Intelligence. They had checked every boat and person who had seen the blimp—including the surf fishermen—and, as a consequence, were compelled to contradict the earlier report of the Station. Cody and Adams had *not* been aboard the *L-8* when she hit the beach.

Apparently the Army had mistaken the two fishermen, who had tried to hold her, for the crew. Now alarmed, Watson called Moffett Field and ordered a search of the area. By this time, five hours had passed since the two men had been heard from.

When the salvage crew returned the derelict blimp to her hangar, the gondola was placed on a spotless cloth and an exhaustive search was begun to uncover some clue. But the only result was to deepen the mystery.

The car was immaculate, from the shiny waxed deck to the neatly stowed parachutes and rubber life raft. Even the most trivial items were trim. Nothing was missing but the two yellow life jackets, required wearing apparel on all overwater flights.

The gondola door was fastened back as if the crew had opened it for some purpose. The radio transmitter was still at "on" position, but the battery was exhausted.

In the bottom of every L-type blimp car, beneath the deck, there is an empty space that is far from watertight and contains only a few control wires. Watson knelt to examine this compartment. He ran a finger over the bottom—then held it up for all to see.

The layer of dust on his finger spoke eloquently. The complete lack of moisture was almost positive proof that the *L-8* had never once touched water.

For weeks, the Navy combed the coast line, and civilians kept deluging headquarters with bits of clothing which might have belonged to Cody or Adams. But neither the bodies nor any positively identified part of their apparel were ever found.

Why did both occupants of a perfectly safe airship quit it in such haste that they failed even to put on their parachutes? How could they have vanished without trace from a blimp hovering over a calm channel dotted with boats? How could they have failed to be sighted by someone, dressed as they were in brilliant yellow life jackets? It all seemed fantastic.

Perhaps the most reasonable explanation came from Watson. Besides being in command at the time, he had had years of experience with L-type aircraft. Today, he is Captain Watson, Command-

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ing Officer of the Lakehurst Naval Air Station, blimp headquarters of the U. S. Now, after eight years of additional experience, he still holds to his original theory.

Since the last message received from Cody was "am investigating oil slick," the usual procedure would have been for copilot Adams to drop a smoke tracer to mark the spot. The *L-8* windows are small, and he might have gone back and opened the door.

Kneeling in the aperture, leaning out to make his throw accurate, he could have slipped, grabbed the side of the blimp and shouted to Cody. The latter, hearing his mate's cry, probably would have left the controls and rushed to offer assistance. Then, as Cody was trying to pull Adams aboard, he may have lost his balance—at a moment when no one happened to be looking.

Their bodies, hurtling from a height of some 300 feet, would have sunk at once, so badly broken that they would not have later returned to the surface.

This, Watson feels, is the best possible explanation. It is the one accepted by the Navy as "official." Nevertheless, the Navy admits that it does not answer two important questions: (1) Why did no one see Cody and Adams fall, when the men on board the patrol ships were scrutinizing their every move; and (2) even though they might have been badly battered, why wasn't *some* trace of them ever found?

The fact remains that, in some weird manner, the two officers were parted from the *L-8*. The rest was merely a cycle of events resulting from common physical laws. Relieved of the weight of their bodies, the airship quickly rose. The helium inside the envelope expanded until the pressure finally popped the safety valves, and enough gas was lost to make her heavy. She then fell straight down until she hit the beach. Losing the depth charge made her light again, and she was carried by the wind to Daly City.

Thus ended the crewless cruise of the mystery blimp. Today, the fate of her personnel, like that of the crews of other famous derelicts, is known only to God.

Signs of the Times

On the rear of an auto: "Danger. Woman Learning to Drive."
—*Swing*

Outside a movie theater: "Feature's running time: three candy bars—two bags of popcorn."
—Anthony L. Johns

On an antique shop: "Antiques made and repaired."
—Joseph C. Stacey

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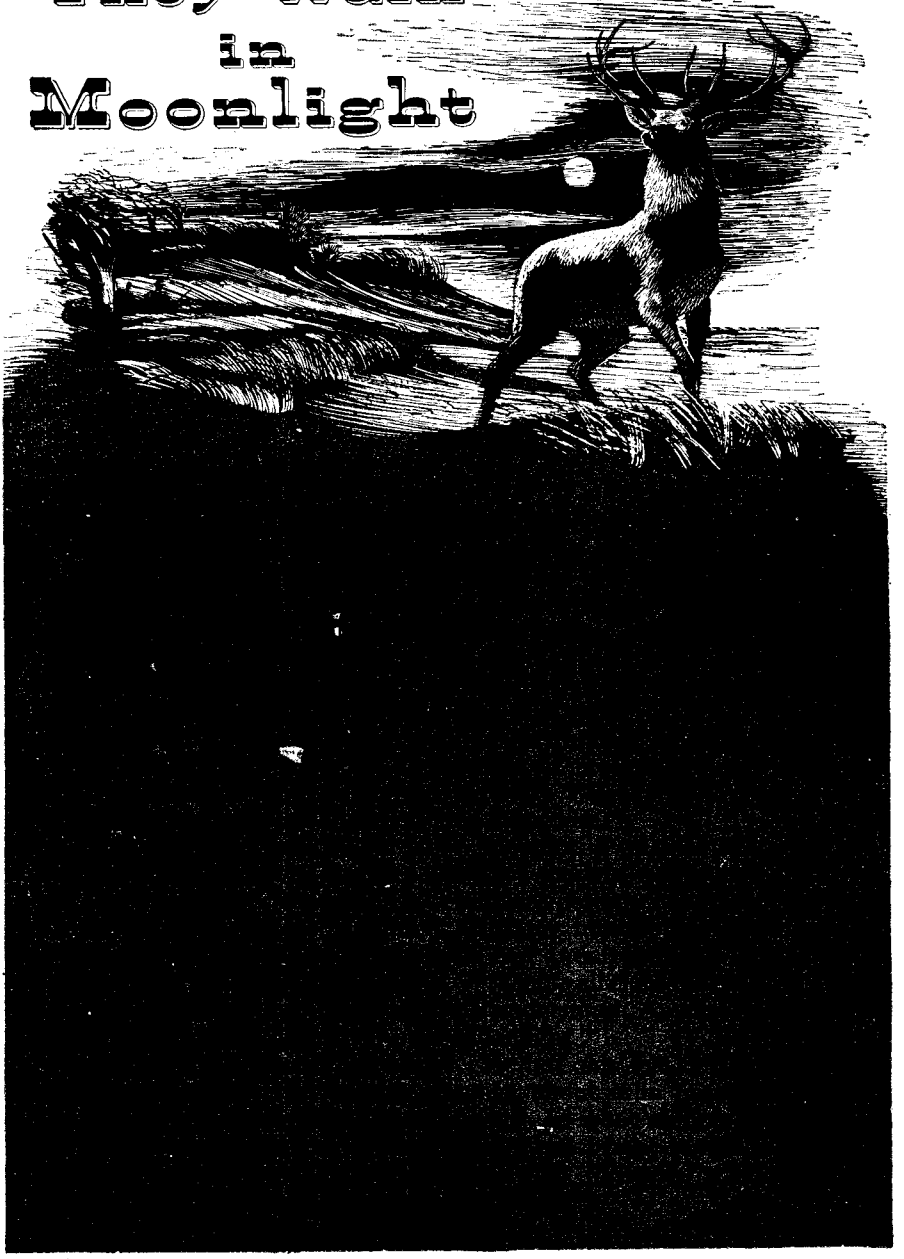
They Walk in Moonlight



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THE BEST IN BOOKS

Coronet Selects:

MY SIX CONVICTS, by Donald Powell Wilson (*Rinehart*)

WHEN DR. WILSON, a Los Angeles professor of psychology, went to Leavenworth Prison to study the relationship between dope addiction and criminality, he didn't quite realize how unacademic a quest he had embarked upon. His six assistants were jail-scarred convicts serving long terms; their only common link was their loyalty to him.

This is his story of his three-year assignment, which turned out to be less a research project than an adventure in humanity. His six "boys," one of whom saved his life, taught him a good deal of unorthodox psychology, and opened his eyes to the subterranean side of prison life, with its incredible grapevines, intrigues, and codes of conduct. For its fascinating glimpse into the world behind bars, and its curative approach to crime, this is CORONET's Selection of the Month.

Coronet Recommends:

THE HELL BOMB
by William L. Laurence (*Knopf*)

THE HYDROGEN BOMB, if it is ever made, will be the most terrifying fact of our lives. Mr. Laurence's cogent book tells the layman all that may now be told about this super-bomb. It makes chilling reading. "The advent of the H-bomb," says the author, "constitutes the greatest threat to the human race since the Black Death."

Can it be produced at all? One expert likens it to "making a fire at 20 below zero with green wood covered by ice and with little kindling." But we have made such fires before, and Mr. Laurence expects our first H-bomb to be tested this year. Every American should read his book, if only to realize the monster we have by the tail.

THE ANGRY MOUNTAIN
by Hammond Innes (*Harper*)

MR. INNES HAS an enviable way of holding one's attention in coiled suspense as he plays out his adventures against Nature's rampages. This hallmark is stamped all over his new yarn.

Here the scene is Italy, where a one-legged ex-aviator becomes involved in espionage. A brutal doctor, an exotic countess, secret messages contained in an artificial leg—these and other ingredients of intrigue are spun into a spiraling climax, until Vesuvius erupts to say the violent last word.

From the elements that make our headlines, Mr. Innes has fashioned escape reading that is both timely and lively, and greatly strengthens his claim to the mantle of John Buchan.

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A YOUNG WIFE SHOULD BEWARE of this Grave Womanly Offense!

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Failure to practice complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness) may even result in ruining a girl's married happiness. Too often she simply doesn't know what to put in her fountain syringe.

If only a young wife would realize how important it is to put ZONITE in her douche for health, womanly charm, after her periods —for married happiness. If only she'd realize there's a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor. She seldom detects this odor herself, yet it's so apparent to others around her.

And always remember this: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

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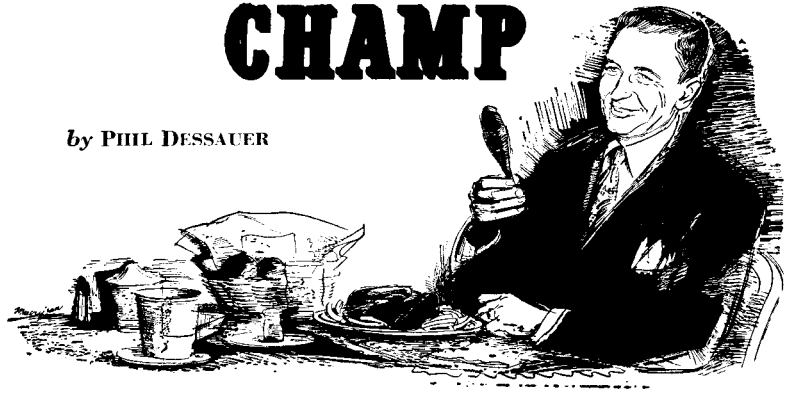
Fried Chicken CHAMP

by PHIL DESSAUER



With a novel idea and a flair for showmanship, he built a million-dollar business

OUTSIDE THE drive-in restaurant of Beverly Osborne, just a block from the Oklahoma capitol in Oklahoma City, no less than five giant neon roosters tell the world that here is the home of fried chicken as it was meant to be eaten—with the fingers.

On his cream-colored convertible, on his two planes, on his tractor, his truck, his hatband, his belt, the towels in his home—on all these and more, Osborne constantly advertises that he is the owner, guardian, and godfather of Chicken in the Rough.

But Osborne has a lot to advertise. In less than 14 years he has built a million-dollar business out of the simple proposition that a bird in the hand is worth two with knife and fork.

Chicken in the Rough is simply half a fried chicken disjointed and served piping hot with French fried potatoes, buttered rolls, honey—and no silverware. Symbolized by a gaily knickered rooster with cigar and broken golf club, it is featured in 275 restaurants in 38 states. Osborne collects two cents each time it is served.

So far, it has been served some 335,000,000 times. In 1949, Osborne took in $195,000 from royalties and sales of such items as honey buckets and his patented chicken fryer—plus a gross of $965,000 from his three Oklahoma City restaurants.

The chicken king has his own explanation for this success. "There are lots of good ideas lying around," he says, "but you gotta put 'em in the cash register."

He has been putting Chicken in the Rough in the cash register since a day in 1935 when he and his wife, Rubye, were driving to California to get some ideas for their projected Oklahoma City drive-in. They were eating fried chicken as they rode

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near Amarillo, Texas, when a now-famous bump in the road jarred a piece out of Rubye's fingers.

"This is really eating chicken in the rough!" she exclaimed.

Osborne's mind pounced on the phrase. All the way to California and back, he and Rubye gnawed on the idea. Finally they convinced each other that people would enjoy restaurant chicken the way they liked it at home—hand to mouth.

With three dozen chickens, they tried out their idea-in-the-rough on opening day. They sold out at lunch. In the evening, with more chickens on hand, they had so many finger-eaters that Rubye had to patrol outside, telling lined-up customers there would be a wait of about an hour. By the end of the day, nearly 200 chickens had hit the grease, a remarkable number, considering the place seated only 42 persons and the cooks had to fry in ordinary skillets. The drive-in now is the biggest restaurant in Oklahoma, seating more than 1,100 in eight dining rooms. Two 48-inch, Osborne-patented fryers can turn out 100 orders at a time.

THE MAN WHO RAISED fried chicken to eminence is a 53-year-old former soda jerker with a flair for showmanship and a figure to match. Osborne is a 5-foot-4½-inch human beehive, abuzz with ideas and energies.

He gets a kick out of wearing gaudy Western outfits and parading through town in his convertible, waving at friends and strangers alike. As the city's unofficial greeter, he has escorted and entertained dozens of celebrities, from President Truman to Spike Jones. On the other hand, he is plain-spoken and unaffected in most of his tastes. When a crowd jams one of his restaurants, he puts on an apron and joins the kitchen crew. And, if necessary, he will even wash dishes.

To work outside on his 75-acre estate, he puts on his oldest, dirtiest clothes and acts like a hired hand. "If anybody asks where Mr. Osborne is, I haven't the slightest idea," he says. "If people recognize me they want to talk and I'm out there to work in the dirt."

Next to frying a bird, Osborne likes best to imitate one. He is an avid flier and pilots his own plane on pleasure jaunts. On long business flights, however, he hires a professional pilot.

A typical Osborne day starts with banjo practice at breakfast. He says the banjo "makes mountain music sound good." Next, he goes to the drive-in, where he samples dishes on the day's menu. One day recently he tasted three kinds of gravy, bean soup, macaroni, Spanish sauce, greens, peas, carrots, chili, liver and onions, and Jello. Then he inspected the soda fountain, tasting the Coke to see if the carbonated water was just right.

"We don't go in for fancy stuff here," he tells you. "We try to cook like your mother did, only we've got better equipment."

The little man does his taste-inspection act at his other restaurants and then retires to an office above

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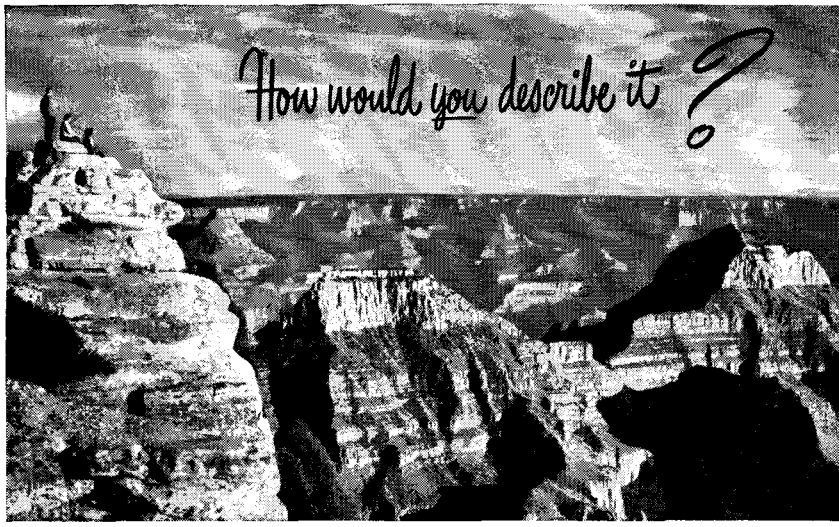

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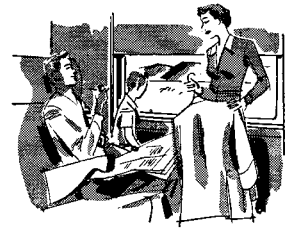

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his downtown place, Beverly's Grill. At night he does drive-in duty, winding up any time from midnight to 2:30 A.M.

Osborne has largely built his drive-in business on young people. Within a few minutes after a high-school football or basketball game, his Jitterbug Room is packed, even though no dancing is allowed. And "Uncle Beverly" enjoys telling that, after 14 years, many of his old high-school customers still come in—with their children. He and Rubye keep an eye out for youngsters who get "stuck" without a ride home, and many a night the cream convertible does taxi service.

BEVERLY OSBORNE was once a kid himself, but he had to grow up fast. Born at College Mound, in Indian Territory, he was one of six children who knew little but poverty. He deserted formal schooling at the age of ten to shine shoes in Marlow, Oklahoma.

Later, he jerked sodas at Comanche. He also married Rubye Alene Massey, and failed in two gas stations and a confectionery. Finally, with just $312 in his pocket, young Osborne bought Hunt's Waffle Shop, a six-stool café on the site of his present Grill. He borrowed money on his wife's diamond ring and his car, but when he opened for business, he had to borrow more—$15 from the milkman for change.

If the success of Chicken in the Rough is miraculous, no less remarkable is the fact that after all these years Osborne still eats fried chicken as if he could never get enough. And although the Osbornes have worked long and hard for their success, they are not going to slow down.

Beverly is currently dickering with a Nebraska firm to vacuum-pack Chicken in the Rough, and he hopes to spread his franchises to South America and Canada.

"There's no such place as the top of the ladder," he says. "As soon as you think you're there, you're slipping."

Woman's Way

WOMEN HAVE WAYS of getting what they want from a man: some wear low-necked gowns; some walk like a rolling sea; but the most deadly ones simply use their brains. —CHARLES CORRIGAN (*Tales of Hoffman*)

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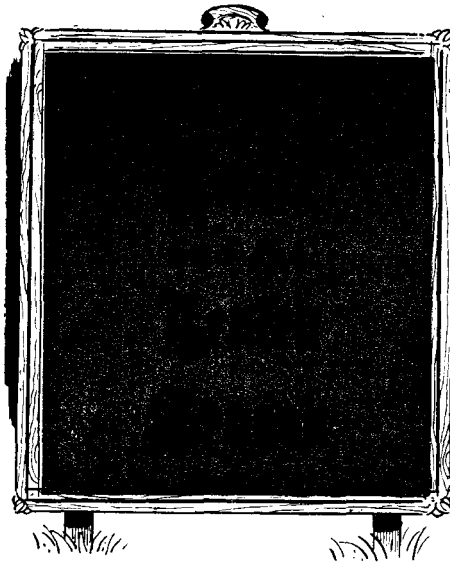

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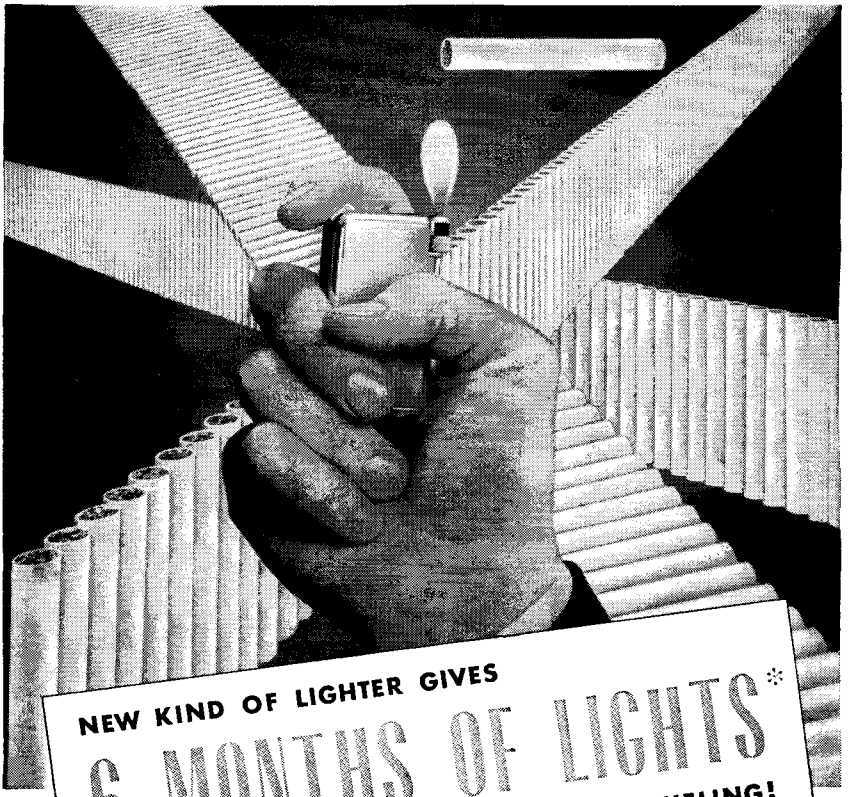

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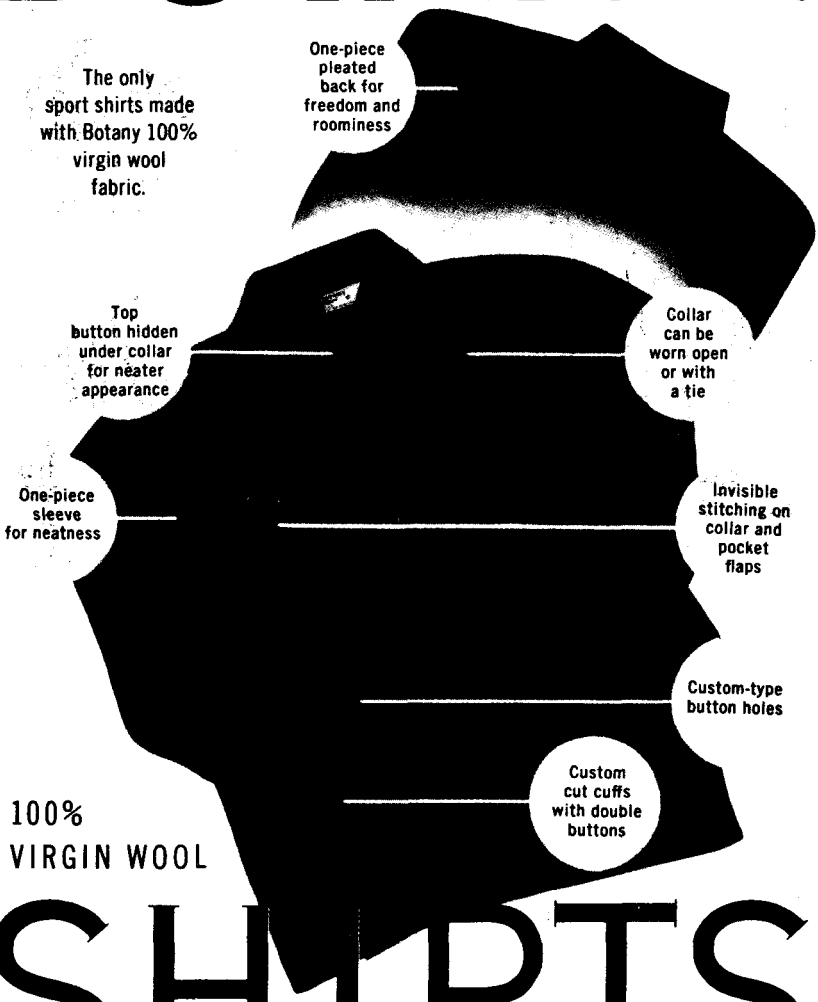
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